

Margaret Pilling Form V

The Eagle

(RUPERT'S LAND COLLEGE MAGAZINE)



VOL. III

JUNE 1931

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Rupert's Land College

Incorporated with St. John's College

122 CARLTON STREET, WINNIPEG



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E. L. DREWRY, ESQ.
VICE-CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

The Eagle

Vol. III,

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No. 1.

PRINCIPAL'S LETTER

My Dear Girls, Past and Present,—

It gives me very much pleasure this year to be able to address you all in one letter. For some time we have been very anxious to combine the two publications, *The Bulletin* and THE EAGLE, and this year we are making the experiment. This gives our Magazine a much wider circulation, and we are hoping that the Old Girls will find the gossip of the School interesting.

As a frontispiece this year we have the picture of our old friend and Vice-President of the College, Mr. E. L. Drewry. I should like to thank Mr. Drewry very much for allowing us to include his picture; we have many Old Girls who will be pleased to have it. As some of you know, Mr. Drewry is one of the first founders of the College, and he has always shown his interest, even in our smallest activities, not the least of which is providing us with a duck dinner in the Fall!

Once again we have had a very successful year. The School has been full, and the Primary Classes have many little sons and daughters of the Old Girls. These small folk are a very real bond between us of to-day and the Past.

We have not made many changes this year in the organization of the School. The Prefects' very nice suggestion that they should take prayers on Wednesdays is one that pleases me very much. One girl reads the lesson, another the prayers, and another plays the hymn. Don't you think this will be a tremendous help when they are Old Girls? You will in the future have no difficulty in finding someone to help you when the Alumnæ Association comes to Chapel in the Easter Term! I was so sorry not to be able to be present this year at this service.

For some time I have been meaning to suggest to the School that we should try to compose a School Song, or to choose one already written, for Rupert's Land. I feel that School Spirit would be increased very much by our singing

together a good song which in some way embodied our aims and aspirations. Will you all try to help us? If you fail, I am going to suggest one of John Oxenham's, the last verse of which is:

Ever onward to the fight,
Ever upward to the Light,
Ever true to God and Right.
Up and on!

Those words and the ideas conveyed fit in rather well, don't you think, with our crest, the Eagle, and our motto—"Alta Petens"? Will you let me know what you feel about this?

Ever yours affectionately,

GLADYS E. MILLARD.

EDITORIAL NOTES

This number of THE EAGLE should be of even greater interest than former ones, owing to the fact that the *Old Girls' Bulletin* is now incorporated with the School Magazine. We welcome this combination as forging another link in the chain which binds old and present girls together.

We must deplore the fact that so many who are eager to contribute to the Magazine put off the evil day of seizing camera or pen until the exhausted Editors are about to relinquish their material into the printer's hands. May we urge these aspiring contributors to have the Magazine in their mind's eye all the year, and so to catch the moment of inspiration which seldom comes with a sudden demand. Much promising material has unfortunately had to be omitted, but we hope that these contributors may have the satisfaction of appearing in print on another occasion.

The interest aroused by the Essay Competition leads us to hope that this innovation may be a yearly feature of the Magazine. Already we are looking forward to printing a prize ode or a dramatic masterpiece.

We hope that THE EAGLE will travel through many parts of the world, wherever Rupert's Land College is known, and that, being now fully fledged, he may soar triumphantly, gaining strength every year.

1930

SCHOOL CALENDAR, 1930-31

- Sept. 11—School re-opens; welcome to Miss Adams, Miss Bartlett, Miss Jenner, Miss Rainsford, Miss Turner, and Miss Young.
- Oct. 18—Miss Coleman arrives.
- Oct. 24—Reception for parents and friends.
- Oct. 27—Lecture by Mr. Ernest Raymond on "Spirit of England," followed by a reading of "The Berg."
- Oct. 30—Kreisler Concert.
- Oct. 31—Commemoration Service at St. John's Cathedral.
- Nov. 1—Hallowe'en Party.
- Nov. 10—Thanksgiving Day; half-term holiday.
- Nov. 11—Armistice Day. Upper School attends service in Parliament Buildings. Girls broadcast for Santa Claus.
- Nov. 15—Zenana Gift Shop and Tea.
- Nov. 17—Bishop Tsen of China speaks to the girls.
- Nov. 18—School contributes some dancing and singing items to the Junior Musical.
- Nov. 19—Miss Hassell and Miss Sale speak on work of Sunday School by Post in Canada.
Old Girls' Supper at Fort Garry Hotel. Miss Church gives reminiscences of the early days of Rupert's Land College.
- Dec. 4—House Musical Competition, which Mr. Bancroft adjudicated. Dalton House was the winner.
- Dec. 12—Brownie Party given to the 47th Brownies, who are entertained with a Play and Tea.
- Dec. 16—Members of the Dancing Class do their good turn in entertaining at the Children's Hospital.
- Dec. 17—Christmas Entertainment, in aid of the Empty Stocking Fund, consisting of "The Countess Cathleen," performed by members of E. L. Jones House, and carols sung by Dalton, Machray and Matheson House members. The sum of \$78 was realized.
- Dec. 18—The Kindergarten Christmas Tree.
- Dec. 19—School breaks up.

1931

- Jan. 7—School begins.
- Jan. 15—Basketball Match against Taché School.
- Jan. 22—Canon Carruthers reads prayers.
- Jan. 28—Animal Party given by Grade VI.
Miss Johnson arrives.
- Feb. 2—Staff entertained by Prefects and House Lieutenants to Tea at the Winter Club.
- Feb. 12—Archdeacon Fleming speaks on his work in the Arctic.

Feb. 13—Performance of the original play "Androcles and the Lion," by Grades III and IV.

E. L. Jones House Juniors entertain the Staff at Tea.

Mar. 2—Staff Play.

Mar. 3—Grade VII gives performance of "In a Norman Castle," written by Pamela Hutchins.

Mar. 9—Miss Dalton speaks to the girls.

Mar. 13—Dr. Mueller speaks on German Schools.

Mar. 19—Rehearsal at Walker Theatre.

Mar. 20—Gymnastic and Dancing Display at the Walker Theatre.

Apr. 1—School breaks up.

Apr. 15—School begins.

May 11—First and Second Team Basketball Matches against the Old Girls.

May 12—Inter-House Basketball Match. Matheson won against E. L. Jones by 21 points to 20.

May 19—Gymnastic Competitions.

June 10—Hay River Mission.

June 12—Prize-Giving.

THE HEAD GIRL

Mary Lile Love entered the School when a Junior, and, with the exception of one year, has been a pupil of Rupert's Land College since Grade IV.



MARY LILE LOVE

Mary Lile is the granddaughter of one of the first founders of the College, Mr. E. L. Drewry, and it must have been very gratifying to him that she was elected as Head Girl. She is a keen student, excelling in both mathematics and languages, and was the winner of the Drewry Proficiency Scholarship in Grade X.

Mary Lile is much interested in many activities both inside and outside the School and has worked during her term as Head Girl to strengthen the position of the Prefects.

We expect to see her make her mark at the University, and the good wishes of us all at Rupert's Land go with her.

PRIZE-GIVING, 1930

Owing to the increase in numbers in the School in 1930, Prize-Giving was held in the Crystal Ballroom of the Royal Alexandra Hotel, on June 14th, 1930. The girls in their new white uniforms, and the graduating class with their bouquets of sunburst roses, opened the ceremony with a slow march through the ballroom, taking their seats at the front, the graduating class being seated on the platform.

The programme commenced with the singing of the School hymn, "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," followed by Miss Millard's report, in which she outlined the activities of the School in the past year and thanked the Staff and Council for the help given her throughout the year. We were very fortunate in having an address given by His Grace Archbishop Matheson, whose appearance after a serious illness we warmly welcomed.

Mrs. Harte, assisted by Miss Millard, presented the prizes.

The gymnastic cups were won by Shirley Jackson, Joan Wilmot, Judy Moss and Mary Whitley. Music prizes were awarded to Jean Macnab and Kathleen Hopps. Sheila Blackie, Jean Moncrieff, Ruth Wells and Viola Glennie were given special prizes for Art. The awards for Greek Dancing went to Jean Moncrieff, Betty Tisdale and Olive French. The Form drill cup was awarded to Form VII. Eva L. Jones House was fortunate in winning both the basketball cup and the House shield. Miss Dalton's prize for tidiness went to Kathleen Moore and Katherine Wickens. Honora Jacobs won the tennis cup. History scholarships were given to Doris Proctor, Betty Morris, Mary Lile Love, Margaret Bartlett and Vera Fryer. Mr. Drewry's scholarship for general proficiency was won by his granddaughter, Mary Lile Love. Jocelyn Botterell received the esprit de corps prize and the Head Girl pin. The Alumnæ scholarship was awarded to Jesse Vickars. Diplomas and leaving certificates were presented to the graduating class. In addition to these were several prizes for general proficiency and attendance in every Form.

Several musical selections were given by the girls under the direction of Miss Pauli.

Refreshments were served in the Gold Room of the hotel immediately after the ceremony, which was so successful that we hope to have many more like it.

D. BAINS.

Clerk: "Yes, this book will do half your work."

Hendy: "I say, I'll take two of them!"

THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY

A feeling of mystery had been hovering throughout the School for the last two days. Why the hush? Why the whispers? The last of the Day Girls had departed, crying "Good-bye, I'll see you to-night!" and evening gradually stole over the School. Boarders crept to their rooms with bundles tucked under their arms, Mistresses disappeared, and it was not difficult to see that great preparations were being made for that night.

As the clock in the hall struck eight, mysterious forms moved cautiously down the corridor, gaily costumed figures hailed one another—familiar voices, but strange people. Little



THE STAFF AT THE ALL HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

—By B. Anderson.

girls—though rather tall—grand ladies, vagabonds, clowns, sailors, pirates, witches; who were they all and whence did they come? As we gradually recognized our weird companions we suddenly realized that something was missing—of course! where were the Staff? Scarcely had the words escaped our lips than a band of sneaky, slit-eyed beings groped their way into the gay hall. Led by their proud mandarin in gay costume and with two laundrymen, who unfortunately were forced to bring their tub with them, bobbing in the rear, the bent forms slunk into the room. Murmurs spread through the crowd, and then all was still as the Chinese band shuffled around the outskirts of the hall, their long, black pig-tails swinging cautiously. As certain members of the band were recognized, little screams of surprise, laughs, and giggles emerged from the onlookers.

Soon dancing and merriment prevailed and laughing and music filled the air. Then the gay costumes gradually began forming pairs and a lively march danced through the air! As each pair was introduced by one Chinaman—who proved to be Miss Schœnau—they would walk gracefully, but often otherwise, across the platform, and it was not long before the winners were announced: Fancy dress—Mary Kate Florance; the most original—Jean Wells, dressed as Miss Millard's

Christmas mail; and the prize for the most comic dress was won by Kathleen Hopps and Mary Stephens, dressed as Raggedy-Anns.

The evening gradually drew to a close; everyone agreed that it had, indeed, been a jolly party, and as the last group of girls bade farewell and stepped into the night, a band of sleepy Boarders ascended the stairs.

GRADE X.

ON BEING INITIATED

Before we go to press it behoves us to record the slightly embarrassing process of Initiation, which took place last October. The Freshies were physically tortured during the day, being required to spread handkerchiefs before the Staff and to kneel to old girls, and they were even more pleasurably (?) entertained during the evening. For this entertainment they all wore startling creations by B. Aby, consisting of flannelette nightgowns, high boots, and hair arranged in numerous short braids, each tied with a green ribbon. Each Freshie was required to do a solo event (on skates or otherwise) during the evening, and as a grand finale they were entertained with dancing and refreshments.

After the gruesome events of the day and the pleasant events of the evening, I'm sure they all felt much more like members of our One Big Happy Family.

TERRY BURT.

THE CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT

This year, our usual Christmas entertainment took a most enjoyable and memorable form. The members of Eva L. Jones House, skilfully directed by their Captains, Miss Turner and Miss Bartlett, presented "The Countess Cathleen," W. B. Yeats' charming play based upon Irish folklore. The parts, being admirably cast, were well interpreted, and the resourcefulness and untiring efforts of both producers and actors resulted in an entertainment which was greatly enjoyed at the time, and is still recalled with pleasant appreciation. We especially remember the stately grace of "Countess Cathleen," the eerie wiliness of the merchants who bought men's souls, and the handsome young poet who so gallantly wooed Cathleen, but then impetuously sold his soul to the merchants. We also recall the pathetic figures of the poverty-stricken Irish peasants and servants, who sold their souls for gold; and, after the young Countess had redeemed their souls and that of her lover by selling her own for a great price, which she gave to her people, the fitting conclusion following her death was the

vision of the angel, come with words of promise to bear her away:

"The light beats down; the gates of pearl are wide,
And she is passing to the floor of peace.
. . . The Light of Lights
Looks always on the motive, not the deed;
The Shadow of Shadows, on the deed alone."

"COUNTESS CATHLEEN"

By W. B. Yeats

Shemus Rua.....	Jean Wells
Mary, his wife.....	E. M. Adamson
Teig, his son.....	Mary Laird
Aeel, a poet.....	Viola Glennie
The Countess Cathleen.....	Evangeline Noton
Oona, her foster mother.....	Helen Ferguson
Two Demons disguised as Merchants.....	E. Lodge and Margaret Langley
Peasants.....	B. Patterson, P. Stethem, J. Pratt, M. Easterbrook, B. Strang, Frances Clark, Eldred Jenkins, Lucille Cubbidge
Steward.....	Barbara Pepler
Angel.....	Mary Kate Florance

The programme was completed by the singing of three carols: "The Holly and the Ivy," by Matheson House; "Good King Wenceslas," by Machray House; and "The Moon Shines Bright," by Dalton House. Miss Pauli conducted the carols, which were beautifully sung and which made a fitting conclusion to the programme by producing the spirit of Christmas.

VERA FRYER.

DR. MUELLER

In March we were honoured by a delightful visit from Dr. Mueller, of Hamburg, Germany; he is Principal of a girls' school there which is very much unlike ours in many respects, so that Dr. Mueller was exceedingly interested in Canadian schools, and especially in Rupert's Land College.

He gave us an interesting lecture on his own school in Germany, and described its system of education. I was exceedingly glad that I do not attend a German school, when I learned that they have a nine year course after the fourth grade; our seven years satisfies me! In this course the German girls are compelled to take several foreign languages, mathematics, science, and other high school subjects.

Dr. Mueller also spoke of the "Youth Movement" in Germany, which has worked such wonders; the young people go on long excursions in the country, either in connection with the study of science or for pleasure alone. Sometimes these excursions occupy several days and sometimes only a half-holiday.

Everyone enjoyed Dr. Mueller's address very much, and he has certainly done his share in establishing friendly relations between Germany and Canada.

F. SCOVILLE.

THE STAFF PLAY

It is a sin the way we are deceived at Rupert's Land College, and something must be done about it. All suggestions may be put into the black box with the yellow ribbon on it, hanging in the hall. Little did we realize that we had an all-star(ff) cast of actresses, rivalling any other company in Canada (?)—except that this cast made its name overnight, and that night was March 2nd, 1931, at 7.45 p.m. On this occasion the Assembly Hall was well filled with girls, all ready for a thoroughly enjoyable evening in witnessing the performance of "Seven Keys to Baldpate."

Miss Coleman and Miss Rainsford were very amusing in their rôles as Elijah and Mrs. Quimby, and gave a good impression of how to open up a house at 11 o'clock on a wintry night. During this period the applause was becoming noisy, but reached a deafening pitch when Miss Chubb appeared as Magee, an author, and proceeded to rub her hands in a familiar fashion, and warm herself; unable to make her speech heard, she could only look enquiringly, and wonder if her costume was really so highly amusing. We congratulate her on her ability to handle difficult situations, such as encountering John Bland (Miss Turner), a dangerous gangster, who will attempt anything for money, and Myra Thornhill, a young woman dressed in white, who has certainly mastered all the arts of blackmail, played very well indeed by Miss Welch (!!)

Mary Norton (Miss Bartlett) and Mrs. Rhodes (Miss Johnson) will rank as heroines together for daring to enter the gloomy portals of Baldpate on that wintry night, and for their excellent acting in the play. It was very amusing to watch the expression on the face of each character when he finds out that his is not the only key to Baldpate.

Peter the Hermit (Miss Adams) gave the added touch of mystery to the play by appearing at the wrong moments clad in a sheet and terrifying the people at Baldpate. (Question 1. Do hermits always wear their suits pleasantly large?) Lou Max (Miss Pauli) amused the whole audience by her excellent jaw technique in chewing ten cents' worth of Adams' chicklets at once. Jim Cargan (Miss Young) and Thomas Hayden (T. Burt) have to be congratulated on their excellent portrayal of male characters. The audience was at a loss to know where Terry's "bun" was stored during the evening, and finally decided that, thanks to a friendly "bowler" hat, she kept it safely up. Jiggs Kennedy (Miss Schœnau—and here's something: Where did you get that hat?) does not have to be told how to act "the policeman," and we expect to see her arresting unruly Communists very soon. The owner

of Baldpate (Miss Jenner) startled the audience by her non-chalance and by her convincing argument.

By the applause, we hope that the Staff were convinced that the play was a huge success and that, in consequence, they will put on another one next year.

J. W.

THE GIRL GUIDES' MAY DAY PARTY

At 5 p.m. on May Day, fourteen of the 9th Company Girl Guides left Rupert's Land College for an overnight visit to Whytefold, in charge of Miss Coleman (Captain of the 9th Company) and Mrs. Glennie (Captain of the 39th Company). After spending an hour trying to get all the baggage in so that there would still be room for nine girls in Viola's car and seven in Mrs. Glennie's, we were forced to admit ourselves beaten, for squeeze them in as we might, we could only manage to seat thirteen girls. Miss Coleman, Kay Saunders and Doris Proctor volunteered to take the bus, and finding they only had fifteen minutes in which to catch it, departed on the run, leaving us with the problem of finding space for Peggy's suitcase, which had arrived at the last minute. We finally got started, and though there was a cold wind blowing, the girls kept themselves warm and contented by wrapping up in blankets and munching the Chinese chews which Marg. Lunn had thoughtfully brought along.

We arrived at Brentwood Cottage, the lovely summer home of Mr. and Mrs. G. Florance, which had been graciously loaned for the occasion, and then the business of unloading began. A few of us drove back to the bus stop to pick up the bus-riders, and by the time we arrived back at the cottage the fires were blazing away, making the place very cozy. A hearty supper was awaiting us, to which all but Pep did ample justice. Once Pep had a tragic experience with a dill pickle which turned her against them, and nothing we could say or do would induce her to eat her share of them.

After the supper things were cleaned away, we all sat around the fire toasting the marshmallows Peggy Moorhouse and Marg. Lunn brought, and listened to Miss Coleman read a story from *The Guider*. It was decided that 8.30 should be the rising hour and the girls then made their beds, warmed their pyjamas before the blaze, filled all hot water bottles, and sang taps. Shortly after, Miss Coleman's whistle blew for silence, and after only a few seconds of whispering and giggling, the girls, all tired out from the slavery (?) of the exam. week, went to sleep.

At 4.30 a.m. the porch door squeaked, moaned and banged shut, to let Julia Adamson in on her round to wake the house

up. Perhaps she thought we should all rise with the sun, but most likely she didn't think at all. However, she soon found that we all had the same opinion on the matter, and poor Julia was very unpopular for a while. But I must confess she redeemed herself thoroughly by working so hard from then on at any tasks that were necessary. Judy, Jane, Joan and Pat had insisted on sleeping together in a double bed, so we weren't surprised when they were the last to stagger in to breakfast. It was a good meal, cooked by Mary Kate and Ruth Hoskin, who were trying for the cook's badge.

After breakfast some of us drove to Winnipeg Beach for films, and had a lot of fun taking snaps in the amusement park. Then, too, we made several smaller trips — to the spring for water, the stores for provisions, and a farm for fresh milk. Eleanor, Peggy and Julia passed their fire tests on the beach, while the rest of us read books, played ball, or just lolled about in the sun till dinner was ready. An enormous pot of Irish stew, followed by a delicious banana pudding, was voted by the party a great success, and we all declared that the two girls who had prepared the meal were well worthy of their cook's badge. While the cooks cleaned up, the rest of us made a trip to Boundary Park and back. Later the entire party set off on a tracking expedition, the tracks being laid by Kay, Viola and Ruth Hoskin. Several of the girls enjoyed themselves wallowing by the side of a muddy creek in search of frogs' eggs, and succeeded in finding some, which they brought back in a glass jar.

At 6 p.m. Mrs. Florance arrived, and on her pressing invitation six of the party remained for another day. The rest of us packed up once more and started for home, all declaring the party had been a big success, and wishing we could do it all over again.

V. GLENNIE.

The Brownie Pack have had a very successful year. We have had many new Brownies, all of whom are working on Second Class tests. Two have already received their First Class Badges, and we expect two more to have them before the end of the season.

As an annual good turn, the Pack were hostesses to the 47th Pack. We put on a play entitled "Woodland Brownies." Refreshments were served, and the parents and all Brownies seemed to have a very happy afternoon. Another interesting feature of the Pack was, at one of the meetings, Brown Owl acted as a new Brownie and the Brownies ran the meeting, which was most amusing and cleverly done.

PENELOPE CHOWN,
Brown Owl.

IMPRESSIONS OF BOARDING SCHOOL

As registered by Two Old Boarders

I.—The First Day.

First day! what a treat for our eyes!

Girls bright, smiles too merry to last;

The Staff new from England, with accents refreshing,—

All talking of holidays past.

Next morning, arising at seven!

Of this fact, old girls are aware;

But new girls ask sleepily, "Is it the fire-bell?"

And groanings and yawns rend the air.

The new girls are slow at attiring;

So are we, but we leave that to you—

The devotion bell rings! Then a bustle and scuffle.

In a few minutes we're ready, too!

II.—After the First Day.

In less time than none, we feel that for years

We have been here, and never day passes

But adds to the quickly augmenting past records,

And night finds us tired young lasses.

We dream that the bells are sounding for ever,

We can't get away from their fuss;

When we're late, the newcomers are let off with warnings,

But it's "Order mark! shameful!!" for us!

The Staff say, "You ought to know better, my dear!

Set examples of good, and not bad!"

But sooner than told we're again at our tricks,

Forgetting detentions we've had.

In study, the pass-word is "Be quiet, please!"

A brief lull, then, "Please turn around

And don't bother fussing with things that don't matter!"

Oh, well . . . since we can't hold the ground. . . .

The walks are a chance for much turmoil, and we

Take good care not to line up too early;

The Mistress in charge then arrives on the scene,

Forth we go, lined in two's, snakey-curly.

The Winnipeg citizens cry, "There's a croc!"

And eagerly stare as we're passing;

We old girls well know what a grand sight we are (?),

But new members find it embarrassing.

The Parliament Buildings for beauty are famed,
And our untrained recruits add their praises;
But when we around them have had ninety walks,
Our blindness the sightseers amazes!

III.—After All.

But life is not altogether so bad
As these novice verses have drawn it;
We leave to our good Freshie colleagues below
To tell you how well they have borne it.

And we trust when our turn shall come to move on,
We shall go armed with wisdom and knowledge;
So now we will finish with three hearty cheers
For good luck to our Rupert's Land College!



SCENE FROM OUR STUDIO WINDOW

IMPRESSIONS OF BOARDING SCHOOL

By Two New Girls

Our first impression of boarding school was the kindness with which the old girls received us. They immediately made us welcome, and we soon felt as if we really and truly belonged here. This spirit has been maintained throughout the year, and we new girls are indeed grateful for its helpful influence.

The momentous days of our first week here were a hurry-scurry to get settled. Of course, as new girls, the rules were not yet firmly fixed in our minds, and each new day brought to light something which must or must not be done. We learned quickly, however, and everyone was very kind in overlooking our first mistakes. A continuous stream of bells, which might mean anything, was a great source of worry to

us, and we might easily have imagined ourselves firemen!

There were many embarrassing moments experienced by every new girl, such as: When, after walking down the front stairs, you become aware of the horrified looks of the old girls, and the Mistress' reproachful glance!

When you wake up about seven-thirty, and with blissful innocence inquire of the old girl across the hall, "Is it time to get up?" These and many more are deeply imprinted on the new girl's mind.

It was with fear and trembling that we saw "Initiation" approach. Our torture began on Wednesday morning and continued until Saturday night. We could not speak unless spoken to, and had to do anything an old girl requested. On Saturday night we were dressed by the old girls, and went down to dinner in all the glory (?) of our array. At our places we found invitations to a formal dance that evening, which was a most pleasant finale to our initiation. The old girls dressed as boys and escorted us to the hall.

During the year we have enjoyed the many activities of the boarding school. Miss Turner, Miss Jenner and Miss Young have given us very entertaining literary evenings, and Miss Coleman has helped us greatly with handwork. On the in-week-ends we have had some enjoyable hikes, toboggan parties and picnics. The many opportunities to hear plays and concerts were appreciated very much. All who went enjoyed "Kreisler," "Paul Robeson," "Tiger Rose," "Marigold," "Jean Steps Out," "Berkeley Square" and the Celebrity Concerts. The Seniors have now received the privilege of having tea in the sitting-room on Sunday afternoons. The Teas given us by Mrs. Riley and Mrs. McDonald, and Rev. and Mrs. Caruthers' Annual Tea, were greatly enjoyed by all the Boarders.

As representatives of the new girls, we wish to thank the old girls for the pleasant year they have given us at Rupert's Land College, and as future old girls we hope to give the new girls of next year as sincere and hearty a welcome.

Jean C.: "Did you hear about Una? She drank sulphuric acid by mistake."

Dot: "Did it kill her?"

Jean C.: "No, but every time she blew her nose she made holes in her handkerchief!"

HOUSE NOTES

DALTON HOUSE

Captain MISS G. BANNISTER
Lieutenants..... MISS COLEMAN, BETTY TRIMMER

Dalton House started the year with a house-warming in the form of a picnic at River Park. We sallied forth one Friday afternoon, bearing weiners, bacon, buns, etc., prepared to do justice to a fine day and good fare. Trials for the Senior and Junior House events were held and competitors chosen to run on Sports Day. Everyone had a jolly time and we all looked forward to another picnic in the near future.



MISS DALTON

At the Christmas entertainment our contribution was a performance of the carol "The Moon Shines Bright."

At the Zenana Bazaar willing members of Dalton House presided over the linen, toy and novelty stalls, encouraging the visitors to come forward and buy.

The chief event in the life of Dalton House this year was the visit of Miss Dalton, its Head. We have had letters from her from time to time and our Captain has endeavoured to give her news of our doings. She visited us at prayers one morning and we all listened eagerly to anecdotes of her early days at Rupert's Land College, and her travels abroad. With rosy face, wreathed in smiles, the smallest member of Dalton House presented her with a bouquet of roses. Afterwards the Lieutenants and Sports Captain were presented to Miss Dalton, who was most interested to find daughters of her former pupils now taking part in the life of her old school; and members of Dalton House, too! Her visit only strengthened the affection and interest with which Daltonians regard her.

In the competitions for music, games and drill eights, Dalton House came first.

The music competition arose in this way. There was a balance of \$11.60 from our concert last year, so this was expended in music and given to the various House Captains. They chose their choir of twelve, a conductor, senior couple

and junior couple for pianoforte duet, and then superintended the entire training themselves. Mr. Bancroft very kindly adjudicated. Although this was very much a first attempt, we all felt that it was very much worth while and spoke volumes for the keenness and energy of the lieutenants and members.

We hope all good Daltonians are now straining every nerve to keep up the good games record, abstain from order marks, and raise their percentage.

We extend very good wishes to those Daltonians who are leaving this year.

EVA L. JONES HOUSE

<i>Captains</i>	MISS BARTLETT, MISS TURNER
<i>Lieutenants</i>	MISS WELCH, JEAN WELLS
<i>Secretary</i>	HELEN FERGUSON
<i>Entertainment Organizers</i>	ELEANOR LODGE, EVA MARY ADAMSON
<i>Games Captain</i>	VIOLA GLENNIE
<i>Senior Drill Captain</i>	JEAN WELLS
<i>Junior Drill Captain</i>	EVELYN ROGERS

The first meeting of Eva L. Jones House took place on Wednesday, September 24th, at which all the members welcomed Miss Bartlett and Miss Turner as our Captains, and also sixteen new girls. The election of officers took place and the meeting adjourned.

Our first activity was a picnic at Sargent Part, to select our teams for Sports Day, which was unavoidably postponed on account of the weather; but we are still looking forward to it.

The first Inter-House Musical Festival was held on December 7th, and the final position of E. L. J. was third. We wish to congratulate all the girls who took part in this enterprise for the splendid House spirit they showed, by working so well, and exerting their best efforts to bring honour and credit to the House. In the Drill Competition we again took third place.

Just before the Christmas holidays the Senior Girls produced a play entitled "The Countess Cathleen," by W. B. Yeats, which was directed by Miss Turner, assisted by Miss Bartlett. This was a great success, the Assembly Hall was crowded, and the proceeds amounted to \$78. We had a great time at the practices and also felt that our efforts had not been in vain.

A few days after we had come back from our Christmas vacation, Miss Holditch entertained the girls of our House at tea. We spent a very enjoyable time, and we appreciate

Miss Holditch's kindness and feel that she will always be interested in our various activities.

On the eve of Valentine's Day our Juniors gave a Valentine Party for the Staff. The tea tables were very prettily decorated with Valentine favours and dainties. Games were played, the most popular being the peanut hunt and musical chairs. After tea we enjoyed dancing and singing.

At the end of last term the Houses held a Games Competition. Although our team did not attain first place, they gained five points for the House. And this brings us to the greatest achievement of the year. In both Christmas and Easter terms we gained the highest number of points in the general competition for the House Shield, and we are doing our utmost to maintain our position right to the end of the year.

We have spent a very jolly year together, and some of us wish we were going to be here to enjoy the House's activities and pleasures once more. We wish the best of success and prosperity to the girls who will be leaving us this term, and hope that they will not forget dear old E. L. J. We trust that those who are left will carry on the success and honour of the House, remembering always to aim high.

MATHESON HOUSE

<i>Captain</i>	MISS SCHÖNAU
<i>Lieutenants</i>	MISS YOUNG, MISS RAINSFORD, MARJORY HUNT
<i>Secretary</i>	EILEEN CHANDLER
<i>Games Captain</i>	PHYLLIS WEBB

I, as ship's recorder, am now going to tell of the journeys of the ship "Matheson House" during the year 1930-31. Under the able guidance of Captain Schœnau we have hit few snags. It is true we have sometimes grounded on a hidden bank, but then our Junior crew have come to the rescue in full force and pulled and pushed us off. We are very grateful to them and the rest of the crew for their help.

Last year the boat was new and like new things, a little slow and uncertain. But now she is well oiled and repaired and launched again much more seaworthy and ready to weather the storms.

First and Second Mates Young and Rainsford and Ship's Doctor Hunt have kept the ship and crew in good order and everything is running smoothly.

The first port our ship touched was River Park. Here the crew, superintended by the officers, had trial races for Sports Day. After running, jumping and doing other energetic sports, the panting crew retired for refreshments. We built a fire, cooked weiners and sausages, had a little play, and then returned to the ship.

The next port was a very busy, gay Assembly Hall. It was the Zenana Sale, and our crew was in charge of the candy stall. Good work was done by the crew for this occasion. The stall was decorated in black and yellow, and crowded with candy done up in boxes and paper table napkins. All our candy was sold. The crew were united in their efforts and it produced very favourable results.

Our next port was the School Musical Festival. For weeks beforehand the crew were busy practising for this event. Wannie Mitten and Joan Wilbraham, coached by Katherine Saunders, could be heard practising diligently every noon hour. Every Tuesday and Thursday the choir's lusty voices could be heard chanting "O Worship the King" and "Come Down to Kew." The Senior duet could be heard in melodious tones floating through the cracks of the music room door, behind which sat Katherine Saunders and Eileen Chandler desperately thumping a poor, shaking piano. When the day arrived it was the Juniors, again, who gained us a few badly needed points by obligingly coming first. The Senior duet gained no renown and our choir collapsed in a fit of laughter, in which the audience obediently joined; but still our crew did work like slaves to gain distinction.

Our crew is really much more fond of sports than work. Our drill eights and basketball teams, under Phyllis Webb, have been doing their little bit throughout the year, and it has not gone entirely unrecognized. "Matheson House" crew have done good work and are sportsmen.

Our ship has nearly finished its journeying for this year, but there is another year to work for and we must not shirk our duties. Our House has been low in the order mark list, but we must make it lower. The crew must remember that every order mark and detention counts against the House. We have jumped from last to second and we must get first next year.

MACHRAY HOUSE

<i>Captain</i>	MISS ADAMS
<i>Lieutenants</i>	MISS CHUBB, MISS JENNER, MARY LILE LOVE, PEGGY MURPHY
<i>Sports Captain</i>	RUTH INKSTER

We started the year well with a picnic at River Park. It was ostensibly for the purpose of practising for Inter-House Sports Day, but most of the time was taken up with roasting weiners and eating. "A good time was had by all," even the smallest Junior in Grade III.

At the end of the first half-term we had our usual Senior Drill Eights, in which Machray managed to get second place.

At the end of the term, instead of a competition in drill, there was one in music. Machray choir came first, gaining a considerable lead over the next House, for which Joan Watson, our conductor, deserves a great deal of credit. In the whole competition Machray came second.

Our House basketball has flourished and we generally have a very good turn-out at noon hour on Tuesdays. Our Sports Captain, Ruth Inkster, has worked hard and is mainly responsible for this.

At the end of the Easter term we had a Games Competition between the Houses, and in this Machray did very well, coming second again. We also gained second place in the competition for the shield at Easter.

It would seem from the foregoing that Machray is always a "runner-up" and second-best, but it must be borne in mind that we were fourth in the totals for the Autumn term, and so have pulled ourselves up considerably.

We look forward to next year with its new "trials of strength," and intend to work hard for the shield. No mere "second-best" for Machray!

THE GYMNASTIC DISPLAY

O Rupert's Land, our Rupert's Land, our fearful job is done,
We have impressed our audience and their admiration won;
From the march on to the lantern maze, including all the drill,
And also in the dancing, we displayed our greatest skill.

O comrades, our comrades, what occurred behind the scene,
As we changed to dancing costume from our uniform of green?
The silence was oppressive, unexpected by the Staff,
Though a voice was raised occasionally, "Now, my dear, don't
laugh!"

O gymnasts, our gymnasts, how did you learn these things?
By the help of our instructress who was standing in the wings.
We learned to swing, to jump, to climb, and even so to race,
Though oft were the times we were sharply told, "There are
others to take your place."

O dancers, our dancers, how you flashed across the stage!
In modern Grecian dancing of sorrow, strength and rage,
The sons of deepest darkness and daughters of the light,
And cupid, milkmaid, "unemployed," and tiny drummers bright.

O Rupert's Land, our Rupert's Land, we hope you will excuse
This dread attempt at poetry, but we were asked to choose
Between the Gym Display account or some forgotten scene,
And so we chose the former one for our School magazine.

KAY HOPPS and MARY STEPHENS.



MISS MILLARD WITH GRADES XI AND XII



The Art work accomplished this year shows a growing appreciation of decorative design and of landscape composition, suitable for poster advertising, and amongst the Senior girls there are quite a number whose work is individual and distinguished.

In landscape and imaginative studies there is a predominance of figure work, the reason undoubtedly being the strong influence of the beautiful Grecian friezes in the Gymnastic Display. Most of these drawings have been executed in water colours and pastels.

The commercial art and perspective studies show a decided improvement.

The zeal and enthusiasm of the rank and file — whose efforts are not exactly masterpieces—do much to encourage those who have natural artistic ability, and there is the common impulse in every girl to get ahead as far as possible, in her own individual way.

S. E. M. KERR.

MUSICAL SCRAPS

I suppose it is a whole year since I wrote about the Musical activities of the School. How time flies—but how much has been done in the period of 1930-1931!

First of all, the results of the Associated Board of the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music examinations were not to be grumbled at, the following being the results:

Local Centre

- K. Hopps.....Practical and Theoretical Paper (Intermediate) Honourable Mention
A. Curry.....Theoretical Paper (Intermediate) 96-99 marks

School

- M. White.....(Higher Division) Honourable Mention
C. Machray(Primary Division) Distinction
J. Alexander.....(Primary Division) Honourable Mention

At the end of the Christmas term we held a competition between the four School Houses. Each House chose a conductor, pianist, and a limited number of "songsters." The test pieces were a two-part song, "Come Down to Kew in Lilac Time"; a hymn, "O Worship the King," the tune being varied by interchanging alto and tenor descant; and last of all, the *awful* strain of sight reading in tonic sol fa—this was the best fun of all.

The senior and junior pianoforte duets were well done on the whole, considering that the performers were not allowed any outside assistance. Mr. Hugh Bancroft kindly consented to be adjudicator, and gave much helpful and valuable criticism. Dalton House gained the first place, Machray, Eva L. Jones and Matheson following in this order. The hard work and the spirit of independence and responsibility were admirable, and I hope that the girls will continue the good work they have started.

Our last triumph to be mentioned is the winning of three shields at the 1931 Musical Festival. The "Babies" were the first representatives of Rupert's Land, and crowned the day with glory by winning the Kennedy Shield for the action song. Our Juniors won the Chief Justice Walbridge Shield, and the Seniors made our last triumphant entry in chorus work by winning a newly presented shield which is not yet named. Una Knipe reached the finals in the junior contralto solo class, and Betty Harvey won in the pianoforte intermediate sight-reading class. We certainly worked hard for our gains, and I must say that the girls were "sports" in every way; had it not been for their splendid attitude we could never have been as successful as we were. Go ahead, girls, and keep up the sporting attitude!

Again we experience that awful suspense of examination performances and results. The examinations of the Associated Board of the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music are being held at the School this year, owing to our having the requisite number of entries to make that convenience possible. The following are the victims: K. Hopps, A. Curry, C. Machray, C. Pentland, S. Stein, M. Martin, S. Jackson, J. Elder, B. Harvey.

We are hoping for another pleasant surprise this year as regards results.

Here's luck to you all!

M. HOWARD PAULI.

Marian S.: "I feel tired; I've been getting along on only two hours of sleep a day."

Tissy: "Only two hours a day? How do you manage?"

Marian S.: "I take the rest at night."

HANDCRAFTS

The woollen industry must have been decidedly on the increase during the past year. Many sheep of all colours have entered within our walls and may be seen in the following forms.

If your heads ache any time, Grade VII will knit soft cushion covers, and make them into pillows of comfort for you. Should your feet ache, the Boarders and members of Grade VI make rugs calculated to give a feeling of rest to the soles of all who have stepped upon them.

Grade V awaits orders for pyjama suits with hieroglyphics or monograms embroidered as desired.

To return to wool—Grades III and IV mastered the hidden mysteries of weaving with all its many difficulties, and produced a scene taken from their own play "Androcles and the Lion," in which the characters appear dressed in woven fabric, heavily fringed.

If the housing problem ever troubles you, the Kindergarten has formed a Building Company which produces homes complete with chimney and door knob. Grades I and II are landscape gardeners and have designed fences, flower beds and borders, tea-gardens, and sidewalks; in short, a regular village complete with church and drug store.

Since we must end with a moral, here is ours: Create, and you will help to create a new world around you.

D. M. C.

LITERARY SOCIETY

The Literary Society for the Boarders was started again during the Autumn term, and weekly meetings have been held, with a few interruptions, throughout the year. The first two terms were devoted to the reading of modern plays, and the third term to the study of modern English writers of prose and poetry.

We are hoping that next year the girls will take a more active part in the Society, now that we know something of their tastes and abilities, and they know something of ours.

S. L. T., C. D. J., D. Y.

MISSION NOTES

Our interest in Missions received inspiration from the visits of Dr. Tsen, the first Chinese Bishop, and Archdeacon Fleming, who is doing notable work among the Esquimaux. Dr. Tsen emphasized the change in Chinese thought and education. He told us that a few years ago boys were paid

to come to school, and girls not considered worthy of education, but now everyone, old and young, aspires to read; this affords great opportunities for missionary work in China. Archdeacon Fleming's cheery account of his work in schools and hospitals among the Esquimaux left us with the impression that missionary life is brimful of happiness and interest.

The Hay River Mission at Great Slave Lake. As in previous years, we have supported two girls—Laura and Doris Takitkuk—raising the necessary funds, \$136.45, at the Garden party in June, which was a great success. We thank Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Montgomery for their expert help in choosing the Christmas presents, which, together with letters from the girls, are sent to the fifty boys and girls of the Mission.

The Zenana Bible and Medical Mission. The Annual Tea and Gift Shop was held in November, at which we raised \$125. In order to lessen expenses, a suggestion has been made that next year each girl should make an art or craft article and donate it to a School Art and Craft Stall. In February we welcomed Miss Campbell, the Western Organizing Secretary, who gave us a good account of our protégée, Nanu Kisau. She also told us of Dr. Lambert's approaching marriage, and that her place as Winnipeg's missionary was to be taken by Miss Craig, now training for her work in India at Ridgeland College, Wimbledon. Last year, when Miss Holden told the School of the new wing added to the Canadian hospital at Nasik, many girls expressed a wish to adopt a bed in it. This has been named "The Rupert's Land College Cot, in memory of Miss Eva L. Jones." In Lent \$12 towards the \$25 needed was raised by voluntary subscriptions from the girls. Donations for this cot will be thankfully welcomed.

Christmas Bales. This year again each Form provided clothes, toys and a Christmas dinner for a poor family. In November we had the privilege of a visit from Miss Hassel, who organizes motor vans to extend Sunday School by Post. Her graphic descriptions of the conditions of life in Wandering River Prairie stirred some of us to adopt families in that district. Letters of thanks tell of the happiness brought by these unexpected bales of Christmas cheer.

C. M. HOLDITCH.

Sightseer: "I say, old man, did Paul Revere ride along this road?"

Farmer: "I've been in this 'ere field since six o'clock and I aint seen him."

SPORTS 1930-31



Another year has gone by, and the Juniors of last year have proved themselves to be Intermediates, and the Intermediates worthy Seniors.

Mary Whitley, who was our School Games Captain, left us to start her work for her physical training degree at McGill University. Our very best wishes are with her. K. Hopps took her place, and has been a great help as Games Captain this year.

Basketball

When the School reopened in September we only had one girl left on our First Team, and four on the Second, so it meant building up new teams, and a great deal of hard work had to be done before we reached the standard of play that we had last year, but Rupert's Land girls are not ones to be beaten, and their keenness carried them through. Congratulations to K. Hopps, B. Patterson, J. Wells, R. Inkster and V. Glennie for winning their First Team colours, and to P. Hunt, M. Stephens, J. Moss, E. Jenkins, D. Bains and K. Wickens on winning Second Team colours.

Every year Mr. Douglas Clark very kindly presents individual cups to us for an Old Girls v. Present Girls match. Last year the present girls won the cups for the sixth year in succession. Mr. Clark unfortunately was unable to be here to present the cups, so the Rev. H. R. Ragg very kindly took his place. B. Snell and B. Patterson both played outstanding games in this match.

The great game has just been played again this year. A large audience came to cheer both sides on. The Old Girls suddenly appeared dressed in styles of the "eighties"; after roars of laughter they clad themselves in a normal way to play. It was a most exciting game—the Old Girls led—the School led—the Old Girls led again. The final score was 22-21 in favour of the Old Girls and so they carried off the most coveted cups. The School Second Team beat the Old Girls' Second Team 44-14. P. Hunt played a splendid forward game. This year Mr. Clark was with us and presented the cups. Through this number of our Magazine may we once again extend to him our heartiest thanks for the interest

he takes in our games, and for his generosity in presenting the cups each year.

The Day Girls took the cup away from the Boarders again, the score being 30-15. This year many of the girls who play

on the School teams are Boarders — so we are expecting great things of them on May 12th, when the cup match is to be played again.

On January 16th we had a very enjoyable game against the Taché School; our team was rather mixed, as the Taché School wanted girls of about 5 feet 2 inches, so we had to pick girls from our First and Second Teams. P. Hunt, B. Patterson, D. Bains, K. Hopps, J. Moss and R. Inkster played for us. The game resulted in a win for R. L. C., the score being 35-16. After playing we were entertained at Tea, and the girls danced in their new hall.



FIRST BASKETBALL TEAM

The House matches last season were very exciting. The final game was played

between E. L. Jones House and Machray, E. L. Jones finally winning the cup. The score was 27-19. At the moment of going to press the first rounds of this season's House matches are about to be played.

Swimming

We have been fortunate enough this year to secure the Y.W.C.A. swimming bath two days a week. On Mondays and Thursday the bell rings at 12.20 and then the rush begins. Fat girls and thin girls, fair girls and dark, all crowd in the water and have such a lark! We are hoping to have quite a number of candidates for the Royal Life Saving Examinations again this year. The girls will try for their medals in June.

Tennis

Once again the court is ready for play. At the end of last season we had our annual tournament for the School trophy, and it was won by N. Jacob. This year Nonnie has left us, so we are looking for a new tennis champion.

Skating

The skating this year seemed to be enjoyed much more. We had our new rink made in the front of the School, which gave us a great deal more space for skating. For the Juniors we had a toboggan slide built. It was very popular, but the Juniors were by no means allowed to keep it to themselves—both Seniors and Staff! were seen on it.

The School gymnastic trophies were competed for on May 21st and 28th, 1930. Mr. Jarman, Miss Jackson, Miss Cussans and Miss Tingley very kindly came to judge for us. The cups went to M. Whitley, Senior; J. Moss, Intermediate; J. Wilmot, Junior; S. Jackson, Midget.

LILIAN M. WELCH.

ESSAY COMPETITION

An Essay Competition was held recently among the Seniors and Juniors, which resulted in the submission of seventeen entries for adjudication. Some promising work was sent in, but in many cases there was a lack of originality, which produced dullness, and caused the essays to be lacking in character.

No Junior essay reached prize standard. In the Senior School a prize was awarded by Miss Millard to Mary Lile Love, whose essay is printed below.

A PORTRAIT

Imagine a tall woman, like an almost full-blown, deep-red tulip; with movements of unexpected dignity. That was Kitty Bo-Peep. Her skin was transparent and a glowing tanned brown, with fine red showing through on her cheeks. Her eyebrows were thick and black and slightly arched, the proud eyes beneath them bright, deep, unfaded blue. Her hair was black as the heart of a tulip, though my friend was almost three score and ten when she died. Her cheek-bones were high and her chin arrogant. Her hands were strong and brown and well-formed, so when she shook hands, which was seldom, the grip was hearty and mannish. A rusty black skirt, which had been elaborate in its youth, reached to

the middle of her legs. A well-worn scarlet shawl, thrown over her head, and a faded red bodice completed her attire. She firmly believed that it is healthy to go barefoot and never wore shoes or stockings. It would seem to be a very good principle, at any rate in her case, for this remarkable woman had never been ill in all her life, though her father had frequently been indisposed and her mother was a chronic invalid.

Her parents were fanatically Scotch. I have never known a man who seemed better able to fare on haggis and oatmeal than her father. He was known in the country round as a "good, respectable man," was an honoured elder in the kirk, and a moderately successful solicitor. Yet, generations back, a forefather had protested against this very respectability which even then had the family in its inexorable grip. He had demonstrated his rebellion by marrying a beautiful Gypsy girl. She had been unbelievably unhappy and had died when still very young, broken-hearted. This Gypsy strain had lain dormant for many years and had at last revealed itself in my friend. She had been inclined to be wild in her youth, but her stern parents had kept her well in check. All her life a vague longing had often surged up in her to wander, and lead a vagabond life, but she had never been able to gratify these desires while her parents were living.

As soon as her parents died (she was in her late forties at the time), the wanderlust seized her again. But her husband was still living and her daughter was a girl of fifteen, so she could not possibly leave them. Her husband died some years later, and her daughter got married about five years after that. She was now free—free at last, for the first time in her life—at liberty to do whatever she wished; she could realize all the vague dreams of her lonely life. She gave everything she owned to her daughter and started on her wanderings through the highlands of Scotland. Her daughter was scandalized at first—the girl was as Scotch and sternly conventional as her grandparents had been—but when she saw her mother's determination, she had no resource, but had to give in. However, by dint of a great deal of argument, her mother was persuaded to spend at least one month of the year with her. This was a great concession on Kitty's part and only lasted for, perhaps, the first five years of her vagabondage.

She came to be a very well known character, and, since she had gone back to Gypsy ways, inevitably after a while she was given the reputation of being "something of a witch." She used to gather herbs and it was really extraordinary the knowledge of Science she had, and of the medicinal quality of certain rare herbs. She was the possessor of an inherent curiosity; this often overcame her so that she had an un-

fortunate habit of peering into the windows of all the cottages she came to in her night travels. Imagine how startling it was for a simple cottager to look up from his "weekly illustrated" and see a queer, brown face gazing in at him with a bright, inquisitive stare. This, of course, was why she had first received the title "Kitty Bo-Peep"; the name had stuck and she was known by none other. She slept in haystacks and deserted barns; the people usually fed her, probably because they knew that if they didn't, she would pilfer something anyway.

The children were more than a little afraid of her, and, as is the way with children where something frightens them, they mocked her and made themselves believe grotesque tales about her. She, however, only waved her stick at them in mock ferocity. One brave lad, who was suffering sadly from indigestion, was dared by his comrades to go to Kitty and ask her to cure him. Summoning all his courage, he did. She gave him something, and either by the power of suggestion or else because there was really some value in the herb, he was completely cured. Nevertheless, even this did not entirely convince the children that she had kind instincts; but, as a matter of fact, it served to give credence to the idea that she was a witch.

A great deal of her extensive knowledge of herbs she had gained from books left by her Gypsy ancestors. She had loved reading these books and had pored over them for hours at a time. Oddly enough, she also loved the works of Sir Walter Scott, Robert Burns, and Robert Louis Stevenson. This, and a certain ruggedness of character, were about the only Scotch things she seems to have inherited from her parents. She particularly loved "Lady of the Lake," "Rob Roy," "A Cotter's Saturday Night," "Kidnapped" and "Catriona." Of course, she did the greater part of her reading before she started wandering. Even then, whenever she went into cities, which was seldom, she would stroll into a bookstore and eagerly devour, figuratively speaking, any of the books of her favourite authors which she could see. This was before she began to go a little mad, which, unhappily, did gradually happen.

As for religion, she had all the fierce dislike of church and narrow conventions natural to a person of Gypsy instincts, who from earliest infancy has been told to do things because "respectable people" do them. In one all powerful Being who ruled the world, she had, however, a profound belief, and it was to this vague personality that she looked for help, this that she blamed in trouble. She had, too, a great respect for this Being, because she realized so fully all the wonders and intricacies of Nature. She never confided her beliefs, if they

Snap Shots and Autographs

Snap Shots and Autographs

could be so called, to anyone; and only by living near her all my life, and having many long conversations with her, could I discover some of her thoughts and tastes.

She died, a year ago to-day. A lonely old soul, but comparatively satisfied with her "aloneness." No one ever really knew her, because she did not like people to get too close to her. Even her husband was an alien, because she had married to please her father. She had had scarcely any tastes in common with anyone she had known, none had been in absolute sympathy with her. One night, in her sleep, she passed away. Some farmers found her in her haystack with a happy smile on her face, so I know that she was contented and would have wished for no other death. Her daughter had her body removed to a decent cemetery and gave her a very expensive funeral, but I have always felt that she was not really buried in that wormy cemetery, but somewhere out in the open fields and hills that she loved.

MARY LILE LOVE.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

We were all very much pleased this year to turn out in beautiful new uniforms: a green tunic, fawn blouse, black and yellow tie, brown shoes and stockings, a green beret, and some of us even have School coats, hats and blazers.

We are certainly much more distinctive in this colourful attire than we were before, and no matter where we go we can always tell our friends by the "Rupe Green."

We must admit, however, that there are two very serious faults to be found with the new uniform, and something

AD INFINITUM



By BERYL HAWKER.

really must be done about it: either we must get special Rupert's Land ink or else the colour of our tunics must be changed again. We realized with horror on the first day of term that we could no longer use the inside hems of our tunics for pen wipers! The ink didn't match! What could be done about it? Well, for the first few months we solved the problem. There were still six or eight people in every room with their old blue tunics, so we divided these people very carefully so that there was one blue tunic to five green ones, then Miss Blue was placed in a central position so that the six Miss Greens could have easy access to her whenever they wanted. One by one, however, the Blues have been won over to the side of the Greens, and as the last of that strange race is now extinct we are literally at our wits' end to know what to do.

The other defect of our uniform also concerns ink. We find it impossible anywhere in town to obtain brown ink to match our stockings. Last year, if any one had a hole in her heel, it was a very easy matter to apply a little ink to the affected part and no one would be the wiser. But this year it is all changed, and although we have appointed a committee to look into the matter, nothing has as yet been decided with regard to this momentous problem.

F. GOWAN.

OUR TRIP TO ENGLAND

Between the end of exams. and the beginning of June there was frenzied packing, last minute shopping, the giving of friendly advice, and the business of tickets, cheques, and leave-taking. In other words, Rupert's Land was going to England, or to be even more plain, Miss Millard was chaperoning six of us—Betty Joyce, Joan Glassco, Jocelyn Botterell, Eleanor Lodge, Ruth Hamilton and Katherine Wickens—while Mary and Margaret Matheson, Hazel Marsh and Violet Parker joined us on the other side. As Miss Millard went earlier, and Betty, Jocelyn and Joan were to meet us at Quebec, we three found ourselves on June 30th setting off on our travels together. It was rather a dusty train journey, but a very pleasant one. Professor and Mrs. Lodge, Kay Moore and Miss Loring accompanied us as far as Kenora; then we were really on our way alone.

When at last we got to Quebec, we wavered: were we really going to cross the Atlantic in that huge floating hotel? On the "Empress of Australia" we spent most pleasant days; the weather was fine and the sea calm—very essential for a good time—and we played deck tennis, shuffle board and quoits, besides having the joy of promenading the decks in

the bracing sea air. Then, before we realized it, we were through the Straits of Belle Isle, had passed the icebergs and were in sight of land, French this time. We docked in Cherbourg overnight, and some of our passengers left us to tour the Continent. The next morning we crossed the Channel, which was as smooth as a piece of rippled glass, and we soon saw the Channel Islands. Then we passed the Isle of Wight, set like an emerald in the turquoise sea, with white-sailed boats and graceful yachts in the strait, and so entered the crowded Southampton harbour.

Here Miss Millard met us, and we were all so excited that we could hardly manage to claim our baggage. At last we got into a large, comfortable bus, which was to take us from Southampton to Oxford. We left Miss Millard behind, as she was staying at Foxlease, and therefore had no one to reassure us concerning the peculiar arrangement of the traffic: the automobiles were on the wrong side of the street, baby Austins tore around, bigger cars flashed by, motorcycles dashed around numerous corners at us, we swerved on to roads unexpectedly, after which we were very glad to arrive in Oxford and to drive up to Lady Margaret Hall just in time for dinner.

During the two weeks we were here we endeavoured to see all the colleges in Oxford. We had the pleasure of Mr. Ernest Raymond's company for a week, and he gave us wonderful lectures on literature. We had lessons in folk dancing from Miss Sibyl Lightfoot and English lectures from Miss Robertson. We toured Oxford in groups organized by Miss Dora Roe and felt that we knew it quite well, especially the punting. We had the pleasure of going to Boar's Hill, where Mr. John Masefield read us some of his poems in his own private theatre. Everyone at Oxford was so very kind and hospitable that we were really quite sorry to leave.

Then we went on to Stratford-on-Avon, where our little company was in the care of Mrs. Bevans, who sat up for us every night till we came home from the theatre for fear we were lost or carried off. Every morning we had lectures by Mr. Bridges Adams on the performance of the day; during our two weeks here we saw nine Shakespearean plays. Our afternoons were free, so of course we went to the Grammar School, Anne Hathaway's Cottage, and Shakespeare's Birth-place. We were entertained at a garden party given by Lady Flower and also at Buckland Abbey to tea, and on each occasion were shown over the old house and grounds.

After this we went to London, driving there by bus through many small villages; we stayed in a private hotel opposite Kensington Gardens. We couldn't begin to tell all we saw in London; among other things we went to the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, Greenwich, Kew Gardens, and

had a lovely time visiting the large stores and theatres. We also went to Eton and Harrow.

Besides staying in these three places, our headquarters, we went to other interesting spots, including Worcester, where we saw the famous china works. On our return journey we saw Winchester and the College and then arrived at Southampton, where we once more embarked on the "Empress of Australia." At last we were on our way home, our little band somewhat diminished. Betty, Jocelyn and Joan had left for the Continent, and Mary and Margaret Matheson and Hazel Marsh had also left us. Miss Millard and Violet Parker went back with us, however, so that there were still some of us left to return to Canada. The weather was not as good as when we came over; our arrival in Quebec was heralded by an electric storm. Soon we found ourselves back in Winnipeg, where we were met by our parents and friends, who found us feeling like great travellers very experienced in the ways of the world.

K. WICKENS.
E. LODGE.
R. HAMILTON.

AURORA BOREALIS

We are the harbingers of good and ill,
The unerring prophets of the elements;
In calm disdain of other precedents
We swiftly climb the northern skies, until,
Massing in glories ever new, we fill
The boundless watchtowers on the battlements
Of heaven's dark-vaulted castle. Night relents,
And flees before our quickly moving hill
Of growing brilliance, which unfurls and mounts
With varied movement past each twinkling star.
We bridge the silent firmament at last,
Casting to east and west in vapor founts
Our radiance, now glowing, now afar
Gleaming with paling light—we fade, are past.

V. FRYER.

A WINDY DAY

In a little seaport town in France, everybody seemed to be in a hurry; but everything and everybody can never seem to help being in a hurry on a windy day such as this one. Even the dirt, which was usually lying cozily in all the corners, or along the road, seemed to be in a very special hurry, but

wherever it was going, it was certainly travelling to its destination in a very roundabout way. First it would start up with a little whistle, then suddenly it would turn five or six somersaults and go on its way again, only to find itself colliding with the eye or mouth of some unfortunate peasant, in most cases causing him to blunder blindly along, finally bumping into another unfortunate fellow-countryman. The result of this was a mixture of fresh fish and grapes which the peasants carried in baskets on their heads. The grape-leaves, which, as it was Autumn, had turned red and were being blown off the vines, seemed to be doing mad dances through the streets, keeping time with the clap-clap of the hurrying villagers' feet.

Out at sea the waves were playing havoc with the tiny fishing boats, and were tossing the larger boats to and fro with their motion. The gulls, not being able to fly against the wind, were going backwards and forwards. Now and then a daring fisherman would go too near the edge of the dock, and a minute later he would find himself a cold, dripping mass of humanity, the resting-place of a great many leaves, which would stick to his wet clothes.

The smoke left the chimneys very quickly and was soon out of sight in the clouds. The women's bright skirts were like balloons, and seemed likely, any minute, to lift their wearers sky-high among the kites of ambitious boys who were out to see which of their thin strings would last the longest against the wind.

As the villagers scuttled past each other they sometimes made a hurried remark, and from what I could gather they nearly all seemed to be trying to convey the idea that the air was in a great hurry that day.

MARY LAIRD.

GRADES III AND IV

Dear People of the World,—

We are very happy in Grades III and IV. We are learning all about the Greeks and Romans when they lived, long, long ago: all about Tarquin, the wicked, and Horatio, the brave; Regulus, the faithful, and Julius Cæsar, the fighter—and all about the Gauls; Romulus and Remus, whom the wolf found; and how the geese saved Rome; about Androcles and the lion—he ran far out of reach of Roman soldiers—and about brave Roman children and their houses.

LESLIE FLORANCE.

Age 8.



By JOAN FRANCIS.

Age 8.

TWO ROMAN LETTERS

Roma, 96 B.C.

To Regulus, Prisoner at Carthage.

Dear Regulus,—

We beg you to come back. We have decided that we would. It seems so dull without you. Your wife is weeping and is worried because the cow will not give her milk and Lucia and she are starving. Romus has died.

Regulus, can't you break the chains at night and get away?

From the Consuls.

Carthage, 96 B.C.

To the Consuls at Rome.

Dear Consuls,—

I am going to stay. I am brave enough to save you and my city and I know it.

If we send back for more soldiers we can beat them. If you try you will find you can do it.

Regulus.

MARY HARRIS.

Age 8.



THE ROMANS COMING

By MARY HARRIS.
Age 8.

THE ROMANS

The Romans they were very brave:
They beat the bright-eyed Gauls;
Their wives they meant to save,
And sent them from their walls.

The geese they saved their city then
With a cackle cackle cack,
And woke up Marcus Manlius
To drive the Gauls all back.

JOAN MACAW.
Age 10.



A ROMAN SOLDIER.

By JOAN MACAW.
Age 10.

GEESE

My little niece
Loves geese.
She cannot have peace,
Till she's seen the geese.

They fly in a V,
She calls it a B.
She cannot see
Why we call it a V.

CAROLINE HARRIS.
Age 9.

HUSH

Our Form a lively year has spent,
Upon our studies we've been bent;
We smile when trouble comes our way,
And now we will describe a day.

"The oily boid gets the woim!" and hence bright and early, with shining morning face, Marg. Langley, hanging her beret on a peg, ascends blithely to Form X. Ten to nine, the first bell rings, and Miss Schœnau enters: "You know, girls, that was the bell. Pat, off that desk! My dear, just supposing I was to come to your house and sit on the piano!" Nine o'clock is striking, and with the ninth chime appear eight white faces looking rather despawndunt, having spent the night at Macawnals'—which speaks for itself. "My dear, this is something: try to come early just once." Prayers are over and we all troop to our Form. "Miss Bartlett, girls." "Oh, is it geometry now? Trust me to think it was a study!" says Jane with a yawn. "There's another half minute, isn't there, Ruth? Good! just time for another sum."

"Quarter to eleven, break begun!
Out with your shekels to buy a bun!"

"Bongjore madumwazelle Adumbz!" greet twenty-five nawnchalant voices. The lesson proceeds with a variety of accents, left out and otherwise.

"Cheers, I'm starving, it's about time for lunch." Noon hour—"our vitality is low"—but . . .

"We are a lively set!
Play hard? you bet!
We frolic and run,
Then bawsk in the sun.
We are a lively set!"

Two o'clock, and a pair of big, blue scales stegger in. "Now we shall soon see which of you require more carbohydrates." It won't be long now—Eppel steps up and all ears are pinned back. Each girl in her turn, "creeping like snail unwillingly," crawls up to be weighed. Grace to Magg. Hayes: "I certainly am glad I slipped off my pumps," drawled she. "And I my mickey mouse brogues," cries Locke to the Form. Our embarrassment is over, the overworked scales depart, and the Prefects are in charge. "Settle down," says our Prefect, clapping her hands indignantly. "Look how Betty Morrison is working." "I'm not working, I was just thinking that I wouldn't want to go to heaven if Prefects and George Washington were going to be the only ones there." "Detention, Mary." "Tough break, Laird, that's your sixth; you know what heppens to goils what pley them tricks."

"Miss Turner, girls," drones the door-monitress, and now we will try to settle down to English. "Please, may we have the window closed?" "I'm quite comfortable," says Miss

Turner, peeking over her 'Twelfth Nite,' in her heavy woollen suit, with a jumbo sweater tied at the neck with a muffler. The girls sigh, and Win desperately beats her shoulder-blades, like a baker, with purple hands pinched with cold, while others shivered noticeably and regretted that their red flannel "knee-lengths" were tucked away in a drawer at home.

3.30—

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
This is the end of the day,
And into the "Gem" we stalk
Full of fun and talk.
Who's to foot this bill?
Faces fell—looked ill.
No one spoke, no one stirred,
No one said a single word.
Then one girl forward stepped—
Onto the counter the shekels crept—
And so—we all went home.

"THE BRAINS OF THE FORM."

THE SIGNING OF MAGNA CARTA, 1215

Scene takes place at Runnymede, an island in the Thames; the chair of state has been set up in a clearing.

CAST

King John.
Lord Busby (Barons' spokesman).
Numerous nobles.
Small page.
Lord Highwroth } King John's evil counsellors.
Sir Philip Ether }
Attendants in King John's train.

Scene I.—RUNNYMEDE.

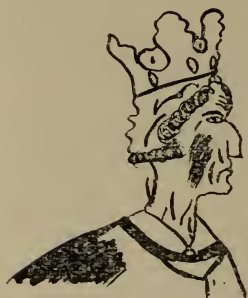
Lord Busby: I hope His Highness arrives; he is already an hour late—of course that's a king's privilege, I suppose. I do believe I am becoming a bit nervous; what would happen if he brought some of his army with him?

First Nobleman: I don't think that there is any fear of a calamity such as that, for it is rumoured that he failed to pay his mercenaries last month, so I expect they will desert him pretty soon. I do hope we are strong and stern enough to crush King John, for that last episode of defying the Pope was going a bit too far. Sh-h-h! here comes a page.

Page (entering): Make way for His Majesty King John!

(Enter King John.)

King John: Well, what do you want now? If it's something I've done, you might as well adjourn the meeting right away, because I won't listen to you.



King John: "Well, what do you want now?"

Lord Highwroth: That's right, Your Majesty, that's right; you're the King and they can't tell you what to do.

Lord Busby: I am afraid, Your Majesty, that you and Lord Highwroth have both misunderstood us. We are not here to reprimand you for the things you have done but for the things you have not done; for instance, you do not call a meeting of the Great Council when you want to levy taxes and you do not——

King John (interrupting): Look here, it's my business whether I want more money or not, and not yours; I don't see how you can prevent the King from doing that which he wishes to do.

Lord Busby: Perhaps Your Majesty has not realized that the people are so weighted down with taxes that they are very near rebelling.

King John (cowering): That's a lie! Why should they rebel against me? I have never done anything to hurt them.

Lord Busby: A-hem! Perhaps not, but all the same at a meeting of the barons we drew up a document of laws which are not to be broken by anyone, especially the King. For this reason we wish you to sign and seal it.

King John: And what if I refuse to sign it?

Lord Busby: We have made an arrangement which will, I assure you, force you to sign it.

King John: Oh—ho you have? And what is this arrangement that you think you have fixed so cleverly?

Lord Busby: You may levy no taxes and raise no more money until the signing of this document is concluded.

King John: It's all very well for you to make all these fine speeches, but after all you might save yourself the trouble and try to remember the fact that I have a strong army.

Lord Busby: Yes, an army of hired soldiers who are ready to desert unless they receive their pay, which you are not in a position to give to them. Here is the document (spreads it out). Do as you will. If you don't sign it,



King John loses his Crown Jewels in the Wash.

it means ruin and exile, or perhaps death; if you do sign it, it makes you more under the control of the law which you have been disobeying and breaking ever since you were crowned. What about your nephew Arthur? Where is he? We will withdraw while you decide.

King John: Thank you. Lord Highwroth, you and Sir Philip will remain with me.

(*Barons exeunt.*)

King John: Well, my fine fellows, a nice fix we are in! The only possible loophole of escape is by trickery; we can't let the secret of Arthur's murder escape.

Sir Philip: You are right, Your Majesty. Have either of you any suggestions to make? (All sink into deep thought.)

Lord Highwroth: Oh! I have it! The barons said nothing about making you keep your word, and I don't believe that they can possibly enforce that document unless you yourself keep it, which I am sure Your Majesty will not do, so sign it to satisfy them, then just continue as formerly without paying any attention to it.

Sir P. Ether: That's it. I hope we can get away with it; shall I summon the rest of the barons?

King John: Yes, do. Ha! Lord Highwroth, I think we have them trapped this time.

(*Barons re-enter.*)

Lord Busby: Has Your Majesty come to a decision so soon?

King John: Yes, I have.

I have started to realize what sorrow I must have caused my subjects by my unjust rule, and I have decided to turn over a new leaf. Give me pen and ink. (The document is signed.) There you are, Lord Busby; I am so sorry if I have caused you great inconvenience.

Lord Busby: Certainly not, Your Majesty; thank you.

(*Exeunt Barons.*)

King John (to himself): It is hard to play the fool when one is inwardly laughing at one's own actions. A curse be on that document! I hope I never see it again; for never, never, never will I put my neck in a noose like this one prepared for me by members of my own court. (Although the barons did their best to enforce the law, King John kept his word very well.)



King John Signing Magna Carta.

A STORM

One afternoon the air was hot and sultry and closed in about you like a cloak. Then suddenly, the storm which we had been expecting all day, broke. The lightning flashed and the thunder came in sharp claps like blasting, and then it would rumble like a train. The lightning shot across the sky and lit up the dull black and grey clouds. The rain came down in torrents, landing with a loud bang on the walks and grass. The wind was very high and the trees bent down to the earth as if bowing to some high personage. The wind lashed the lake into a fury, and the waves would splash over the high breakwater. Then the rain stopped and the sky became green, lighting up the trees so they looked very beautiful, especially the birches with their silver trunks. The sky then changed again to a mauve blue, making the trees and shrubs look like a fashion parade.

During this the sky had been making dull rumbles like a train passing over a bridge far in the distance. Then the storm passed away altogether and everything was cool and peaceful and the birds sang again. Everything and everybody was happy because the air was cool and the sun was shining.

CHRISTINE MACHRAY.

Age 12.

I wish I had a swing,
I wish I could go high,
I wish I could go farther up
And then I'd touch the sky.

CLARE COPELAND.

Age 6.

I'm out in the rain,
I hear the drops fall;
Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,
It makes the trees tall.

HUGH BEST.

Age 5.

A FLOWER STORY

Suggested by "Spring," a picture by an Austrian Child.

Once there was a little girl and her name was Mina. She went out for a long, long walk and she ran away from her nurse and got lost. The nurse was looking for her but couldn't find her and went home to see if she was there. The little

girl went running and her hat blew off in the wind. She laughed as she ran. She saw flowers and heard birds singing, and little green leaves were out. The sun was shining—it was Springtime.

She rolled in the grass and saw a butterfly in the blue sky above her. She turned over and picked a whole bunch of flowers, yellow ones, red ones, white ones with green leaves. She went on a little way and found a stream with fishes in it; she fell in the stream and the fishes darted away but came back and looked at her when she got up on a rock to dry herself in the sun. They looked as if they wanted to talk to her. Then she went home and put the flowers in water.

THE KINDERGARTEN.

DON'T CHOKE

Jean McW. (translating French): "Were looking——"

Miss A.: "Tense!"

Jean McW.: "Tensely."

Miss B. (in Latin class): "When is an accusative a nominative?"

Jean W.: "When it's neuter!"

We wondered why Kay wasn't called "Shorty," and now we know it's because there's "Moore" of her.

"Who came top in French?"

"Je" (says I, knowing the language).

"Comment?" says she.

"Come on!" says I. (And then the fight began.)

Grade XI

We know we're only a lot of leading lights that are going to be put out. But we die "happy" (as did Wolfe) when we recollect that new brooms will be sitting in our old desks next year . . . busy pouring new blood into old bottles.

Miss X.: "Yes, I have to say five sentences in that play; but the funny part is that they are all the same!"

Miss Z.: "What's the matter, do you stutter?"

ELEANOR LODGE.

"THE EVER OPEN DOOR"

By SIGSMUND GOETZE.

At the top of the painting is a beautiful rainbow, with angels' faces in it. Near the bottom of the picture is a wealthy woman, pulling off all her jewels and riches, for she must leave all at death. Beside her is a child, a little girl with golden hair, and a radiant expression of happiness upon her face. She is sitting upon an ermine robe, with her chubby hands stretched out in front of her. In front of the woman and nearer the door is a young girl lying upon the ground; her soft, dark hair hides her face. She does not want to die, but she cannot escape "The Ever Open Door." A mother is leading a little boy up the three stone steps to the narrow door, where already millions have passed into happiness. The little boy steps back to catch two purple and crimson butterflies, but his mother presses on, eager to reach Paradise.

Coming up the steps on one side is an angel helping a young wounded Scottish soldier; he is wearing a uniform, which he must take off before he may enter. In the lower left hand corner is a gray-haired Cardinal taking off his scarlet cloak and hat; in his feeble hand he is holding a crucifix, which he must leave also. Near the door is a prisoner with handcuffs on; his hands are clasped above his head in agony. As he is dying he prays to God for forgiveness. Beside the prisoner is a dancer in a gauzy white ballet dress; in one outstretched hand she is holding a vial of poison.

Standing beside the Cardinal is an angel, with a pen and a long roll of parchment, his robes and hood are of purple, and the halo around his head shines brightly, and his tall, strong wings are purple.

At the bottom of the picture are many beautiful poppies, daffodils and violets; and all things that are used in life—a magnificent king's crown of gold, with sapphires and rubies in it, is lying beside a violin; there are cards, money, bank books, a painter's pallet, books, crystal balls and jewels. Inside the narrow stone door, crowds of people strive onward in the dim cold blue light, for all must go through "The Ever Open Door" of Death.

BETTY PARKER.

Age 11.

Visitor: "Well, my little girl, have you lived here all your life?"

Little Girl: "No, not yet!"

MARGARET W. MARTIN.

A TOTEM POLE



O great totem, still and tall,
Tell me, do thine eyes see all?

Hast thou seen the great chiefs die
Or heard the lover's gentle sigh,

Or many braves ride out to war,
Some returning nevermore?

Hast thou heard the tom-tom beat;
The clatter of the horses' feet

Upon the ground; their restless snorts,
As they charge the paleface forts?

Or are those deep, carved eyes unseeing,
And past thine ears do sounds go fleeing?

Tell me, totem, still and tall,
Do thy staring eyes see all?

MARY LAIRD.

COLOUR

There were two art students seated side by side in a still-life object lesson. They are both "good" in art; but as their teacher fondly suggests, "their 'styles' are so different."

The one is perched neatly on her stool, with her sheet of clean white water-colour paper beautifully stretched on the drawing board before her. To her the object to be painted is a crude sandstone vase, with a drape of green satin, swathed artistically (by the teacher) round the base of the vase. She measures the proportion of the vase's dimensions with the handle of her brush, marks in a few guiding lines, waggles her brush briskly in the glass of clear water at her side, brings the tip of her brush to a point, sighs, and holds it poised over her spotless box of "Windsor and Newtons," and hopes that one of her reds will do for the colour of the vase, and that one of her greens is all right for the satin.

Her fellow-student sits humped over her board, clutching it at the top with one hand, and swinging the other arm at her side, making a lovely line of drips upon the floor with her wet brush. Her eyes are half-shut, and as she paints she muses. . . .

"It is too exquisite. . . . See this wet slate melting into a shade of dark, bushy pines in a haze, and blending again with a silvery gleam of the furry covering of a crocus

stem. . . . This stream of light is as blue as aluminium. . . . And lower down it becomes as clear as bathwater in a white, built-in tub . . . with a sweep of cold, blue twilight . . . and a ripple of cool white wind. And at the point where the sun strikes it, it shines like the windows of a house after spring-cleaning has been accomplished. . . . What a contrast it makes with its rude neighbour! Such a stolid base, which with all its roughness has the appearance of snarled auburn hair. . . . Even the sun cannot soften its bold mien; seems to make it rather drier . . . looks like the rocky floor of a pine forest at the lake, which is strewn with the long, brown, sweet-smelling needles of the trees. . . . And oh, I mustn't miss that pinky-orange bit at the top, which delves down into the dull, dark, raspberry depths of the neck of the bottle.

Hello! you through?"

Her companion had finished her chore, and was looking at her work and then at the object . . . a keen critic. Her own painting was correct in perspective and lifeless with its washes. She hadn't enjoyed the work, because she had taken it as a thing altogether foreign to the natural course of her daily life and had lost the enjoyment of observation and connection, within her mind, of other colours which parts of the object presented to her companion. Although, if she had wanted to, she would have left that studio as hot and exhilarated after that piece of work as her friend, who knew the satisfaction of association of colours within her mind.

ELEANOR LODGE.

THE BIRDS' SONG

Little Robin Redbreast goes

"Twee twee, twee twee,"

When he is glad,

And "Twe-e-e-e-e-e-e"

When he is sad.

Miss Chickadee goes

"Chickadee-dee-dee,"

Through the winter long,

"Chickadee-dee-dee,"

She sings her song.

Old Mr. Crow goes

"Caw, caw, caw,"

As he sways to and fro;

"Caw, caw, caw,"

He will always go.

SHEILAH FLORANCE.

Age 11.

A MAGIC STONE

Once upon a time there was a boy, his name was Buddy, and his sister's name was Betee, and they went out for a little walk together.

Buddy saw a very pretty stone. He touched it and it changed into a fairy. His sister wasn't feeling very well, so the fairy touched her with her wand, and she felt well again. So they went home.

LARRY O'GRADY.

Age 7.

A PUPPY

I am a puppy, and I sit on the rug. I bark when there is a fire. My master is named Peter. One day Peter and I went to catch rabbits, and I caught one; Peter caught one, too. Then we went home. I ate a big supper, and Peter gave me a bone. Then we went to bed.

PETER NARES.

Age 7.

I KNOW A FAIRY

I know a fairy, her name is Kindness. She dances in the grass. I like to see her dance, don't you? She goes around helping people do hard things. I would like to be her, wouldn't you?

MARY MEDLAND.

Age 7.

ANOTHER FAIRY

I am a fairy, and my name is Patricia. I can fly all about the sky. I can work magic, and no one can kill me. One day some one tried to kill me.

I sleep under a mushroom and I like to sip honey from the flowers. I drink dew from the grass.

PATRICIA PARRISH.

Age 7.

FORM V

In Form V we have two sides, the Hurons and the Crees. At the beginning of the year we went for an Indian picnic. We dressed up as Indians, and made a tepee of blankets, and told Indian stories. It was quite late, and as we were at River Park we had to go home, but before we went we saw the sun going down, and we all called "Fire! Fire!"

Our Form room is very bright; we have Indian and history picture sheets, and we have two Norway posters which have gay colours.

In February we wrote out the play of "The Pied Piper," and we had lots of fun. Last term we acted "The Jellyfish



FORM V IN INDIAN COSTUME

and the Monkey," in which I was the Monkey. Miss Young, our Form Mistress, has a book of Japanese stories, and we act them.

We have a Form Magazine, and about twice every term the committee meet together and read over the stories and poems, and select the best ones. We got a book and covered it with grey paper, and Evelyn Rogers painted a beautiful Indian scene, with a wigwam and a fire, and it is a very pretty cover.

CLEMENTINA ADAMSON.

Age 11.

ARCHITECTURE IN FORM V

This is the first year we have studied Architecture. We take notes on the different kinds of architecture, and then

illustrate them with pictures from magazines, or those which we get from picture companies.

We have studied Greek, Roman, Romanesque, Byzantine, Norman, Gothic and Renaissance architecture. We love the Greek, because it is simply perfect, and even the broken statues are beautiful.



*Greek Ionic Capital
and Entablature*

—By Sylvia Stein.

"In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care,
Each minute and unseen part,
For the gods see everywhere."

Architecture means beautiful, artistic building, and in the "elder days of Art" only the best could have the title of Architect, or "Master Builder."

I like to learn Architecture because it teaches history as well, and when I am older and travel, it will be so interesting to know about the wonderful buildings I will see.

Norman architecture is very historical with all its old castles, and the Tower of London. I hope I shall see the chapel there, for it is the oldest Norman one in England.

Byzantine is very colourful with all its mosaics, especially St. Sophia at Constantinople.

Roman architecture is shown in the Colosseum, where three different kinds of columns are used—Doric, Ionic and Corinthian. It was in this huge amphitheatre that the Christians were sometimes given to the lions.

If I went for a trip around the world I would want to see the Parthenon, Colosseum, Roman Forum, St. Mark's, Milan Cathedral, St. Peter's at Rome, St. Sophia, Doges' Palace, and the Taj Mahal.

I like Gothic architecture the best because of the tall graceful spires, and the beautiful stained glass windows.

FORM V.

THE EAGLE

High on the mountains the eagles nest,
Far away in the golden west.
He is the bird with the greatest sight;
He is the bird with all the might;
Circling high over all the herds
Let us watch this "King of Birds!"

BETTY COX.

Age 13.

FORM V ALPHABET

A is for Adamson,
Dainty and small;

B is for Blackie,
Loved by us all.

C is for Chown,
A nice little blonde;

D is for Drill,
Of which we are fond.

E is for English,
Which we all love;

F is for Florance,
As meek as a dove.

G is for Glennie,
The Huron's great artist;

H is for Head,
Of all Hurons she's smartest.

I is for Ink,
Which we don't use;

J is for Jarman,
Who remembers her cues.

K is for Kindness,
Which none of us lack;

L is for Latin,
At which we are slack.

M is for Munroe,
Whose ringlets are long;

N is for Nichol,
Whose spelling is wrong.

O's for October,
And our Indian picnic;

P is for Pilling,
Whose hair is not thick.

Q is for Quiet,
Which we are not;

R is for Rogers,
Whose temper is hot.

S is for Stein,
Who wears big goggles;

T is for Tadpole,
Who wiggles and woggles.

U is for Ugly,
Which none of us are;

V's for our Voices,
That are heard from afar.

W's for Work,
At which we excel;

X is for Exams,
In which we do well.

Y's for Miss Young,
She's a jolly old dear;

Z is for Zealous,
We hope we all are.

And now we have told you,
You know about us,

And our wondrous Form,
Which oft make a fuss.

FORM X DEBATE

On Tuesday afternoon, April 21st, Form X had a Debate: "Resolved, that women have done more good in the world than men." Betty Morrison and Eileen Chandler supported the motion, while Judy Moss and Eva Mary Adamson opposed it.

In making the opening speech Betty Morrison stated that women have drawn out the best instincts in man, and were

the main spur of mediæval chivalry. They have also done great work in the war by nursing, and, indirectly, by their quiet influence in the background. George Eliot and Elizabeth Barrett Browning succeeded in improving tenement conditions, and the conditions of children in factories. H. B. Stowe, in her book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," brought the condition of slaves before people, and exerted a very powerful influence in their cause. Women have also done much more for education than men: Elizabeth shares with the Tudors the glory of being the founders of schools, while in Victoria's reign the higher education of women developed. By their great love of luxury, women have given much employment to designers and makers of clothes, dishes and furniture. Betty also said that women have stronger characters than men, because, although we often hear of hen-pecked husbands, their counterpart is seldom found to exist in women!

Judy Moss in her opposing speech said that men have asserted their supremacy in the field of literature: Plato, Socrates and Virgil have left us many great books, and Cæsar's wars give us an insight into the life of the Roman people at that time. Charles Dickens did much to arouse interest in the poor by the books which he wrote about them; the names of Stevenson and Scott, and Shakespeare, Keats, Shelley and Burns, as poets, are immortal. She also spoke of the great artists, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Rembrandt and Van Dyck, who have left us so many great works. All great religious leaders have been men—Mohammed, Buddha, St. Augustine, Knox; Christ was the founder of our Christian religion.

Eileen Chandler was then called upon as second affirmative speaker. She stated that many great men have attributed much of their fame to their mothers, who had taught them in childhood. Also women inspire men, as Boadicea and Joan of Arc did their followers. Eileen spoke of the many women missionaries who, with their talent for nursing, are able to counteract the teaching of the witch doctors in Africa. The rarest mineral in the world was discovered by a woman—Madame Curie. She proved, by reference to Pavlova, Melba, Patti, Galli Curci, that women have excelled in the artistic realm.

Eva Mary Adamson, the last speaker, pointed out that although Madame Curie discovered radium, men discovered the application of it. She referred to famous singers, Harry Lauder and Caruso; explorers, such as Columbus, Magellan, Cartier, Frobisher; and pointed out that progress in science has been largely due to men, notably Newton, Pasteur, Edison, Marconi, Dr. Jenner and Einstein. Her last point was that men are the acknowledged diplomats of the world.

The debate was then thrown open for discussion. The supporters of each side brought up many interesting points, and swayed the minds of the listeners first to one side and then to the other. As the time was becoming short, the chairman proceeded to put the motion to the vote, the result being that the motion was carried by a majority of eleven votes, there being seventeen votes for the motion and six against it.

AGNES SWALWELL.

A DAY ON THE FARM

Out to the barn to gather the eggs,
Up the loft to play in the hay,
Down for a trot on the old mare May,
Out to the field where they're cutting hay,
Back to the pump to get a drink,
Back through the gate that on one hinge swings,
Into the kitchen for a biscuit to eat,
Then out for a chase with old dog Pete.

After dinner play hide-and-go-seek
On top of the hay and behind the barn,
In through the tunnels we made in the hay,
Into the barn where the chickens stay,
Then out we go to get the cows,
Jumping the horses over the ploughs,
Over the ditches and in through the swamp,
Quickly back to the farm to romp.

ELSIE STEWART.

Age 12.

A REVERIE

The storm windows, walls and desks are fading from view and I seem to be nearing some islands in the South Seas: there is an air of mystery, charm and romance — something quite indefinable. A cloud overhangs each island and my dream-boat sails softly and swiftly over the sky-blue water, stopping at one blue-bordered isle to leave me there.

I walk up the golden sandy beach into an atmosphere of cool, thirsty greenness—each tree towering up to the celestial blue above, and in the distance the pale but fragrant blooms of the magnolia. The ground is carpeted with moss and studded with flowers—not small, dainty ones, but large, gay ones, with a winning openness as they freely nod and twinkle, swaying to the rhythm of the gentle breeze.

I venture farther—to the middle of the island—where beauty still entices; but, there are marks of fires—recent

ones. A chill creeps through me; the beauty has gone; danger has crept in; and, instantly I remember I am sitting on a yellow seat before a black desk, with a radiator supplying the semi-tropical heat.

D. PROCTOR.



EASTER HOLIDAY CAMPERS

THE LAUGHTER OF THE LOONS

Demoniac laughter crashes in the calm—
Twin laughter echoes, mocks, from low'ring cliffs.
What is their secret—kept since dawn of life?
What makes them laugh so madly and so sadly,
Just like a clown with broken heart concealed?
Perhaps it is a punishment; for sin
Committed by the father of all loons:
Perhaps he mocked at someone else's pain,
And ever laughed and so could never weep—
The call reveals the dormant sobs within.
They wear a mournful garb of black and white,
The wreathed bier of dead sincere delight
Borne by self-mourners with their hidden grief.
And still the eerie, weird refrain goes on.

MARY LILE LOVE.

Miss Turner: "What type of play is this?"

Viola: "Well, the plot's so old it must be a mellow-drama."

THE PUMP

Guess what I am! I am the pump,
On my back I wear a great hump;
I pump the water for people to drink,
And oh! it tastes better than down by the brink.

I see the world at dawn and at night;
I see the world looking ever so bright;
I see the sun shining down here on me;
If only the world would look, they too would see.

BETTY PERSSE.

Age 12.



The Wind.

By CLEMENTINA ADAMSON.

Age 11.

THE WIND

The wind goes howling down the street,
And in the country blows the wheat,
And knocks the trees around.

And in the city big and tall,
Blows the candy-man in his stall;
And when he tries to shout or speak,
It drowns his voice and makes it squeak.

CLEMENTINA ADAMSON.

Age 11.

ART IN FORM VI

On Tuesday afternoons we take Art in Form VI. We talk about famous artists: how they learned to paint, and of their most famous paintings. We have taken from Cimabue, born in 1240, down to artists born in the twentieth century. Cimabue, a noted artist, taught Giotto, who turned out to be even greater—many similar cases occur.

Michael Angelo was the most famous painter and sculptor. When he was at the Court of the great Florentine Prince Lorenzo Medici, the Pope sent for him to paint in the Sistine Chapel at the Vatican. He made Angelo work so long and so hard at the paintings on the ceiling that ever afterwards he found a difficulty in looking down.

Most of Fra Angelico's pictures are of angels, and they look as if they had just come from heaven. Many people think Botticelli's "Allegory of Spring" the most beautiful picture in the world, but I like his "Virgin, Infant Jesus and Saint John" much better.

Rosa Bonheur was especially noted for her paintings of animals, which seemed alive; and the wool of her sheep is so fleecy, it looks as if you could shear it.

Filippo Lippi painted such real lilies and daisies, you want to gather them. He painted many beautiful Madonnas, too. His son Filipino was also an artist.

Andrea del Sarto used such rich colours. His "John" is wonderful.

My favourite artist is Leonardo de Vinci, who had everything God could bestow upon one person, among them, grace, beauty and genius. He spent ten years painting "The Last Supper" upon a wall at Milan. His most famous picture is Mona Lisa. Her hands are considered perfectly painted.

Titian is noted for the bright colour and large pictures.

Rembrandt did lovely shadows and golden lights on one spot.

Van Dyck was the Court painter of Charles I. His "Baby Stuart" is beautiful.

Holbein is noted for his portraits. He was England's Court painter.

Landseer was a famous animal painter. He did a number of dogs. One is "Dignity and Impudence."

Perhaps when you and I are older we will visit the famous art galleries and see the originals of the pictures we are learning about.

There are so many beautiful paintings, I am sure I could never say which one I like the best. Could you? They are all so wonderful.

FORM VI.

BEOWULF AND GRENDEL

King Hrothgar sat in Heorot,
And shook his hoary head,
And Grendel of the murky mere
Roared loudly in his bed.

In Heorot, the night before,
A score of goodly men
Were stolen by this savage beast,
And taken to his den.

The King he wrote a letter,
And sent it by his son
To Beowulf of knightly fame,
And bade his son to run.

Beowulf read the letter
And hasted to the hall;
He feigned sleep with other men
Awaiting Grendel's call.

The hairy beast burst bolt and bar
And leapt into the space,
He made to clasp brave Beowulf,
Who met him face to face.

The goodly man lifted his arm
And smote a mighty hurt,
Then Grendel's arm lay on the turf
And from it red blood spurt.

"Away, foul beast, to thy foul home,"
Sir Beowulf did say,
And Grendel of the murky mere
Full fast he went away.

The King did honour Beowulf
And gave him lands and gold,
But Grendel's mother breathed black hate,
Beware! O Beowulf bold!

The night was black and dreary
And lofty trees did nod,
But Beowulf fought bravely on
With beast, half-wolf, half-god.

Then suddenly beside him
He saw a tall, sharp sword.
He grasped it, thrust it swiftly,
And killed both without a word.

"O bravely, bravely, bravely,
Thou hast killed these beasts with sword,"
Thus quoth King Hrothgar merrily,
"Thou shalt reap a rich reward."

JEAN MACNAB.

Age 14.

THE WATER MILL

The old mill, brown with age, stands beside a stream, the mill-house attached. The boards creak with every step taken, and groan as the children run in and out. The wheel keeps on turning in rain or shine, while the water roars incessantly; the noise is loudest when the snow runs off in the spring, and the water pours down. In and out of the broken windows of the loft, the swallows flit.

The mill cat, a tabby, slinks around the fat sacks of flour and grain after mice, while the beetles, choking with dust, move lazily out of her way in the warm sunshine, which comes streaming in through the cracks and windows of the loft.

In the mill-house, the wife and eldest daughter are cleaning and sewing, glancing now and then toward the loudly ticking tall clock in the corner of the hall, and thinking that it will soon be time to prepare a hot meal for the children, coming home from school, as they had a cold lunch for mid-day. In the evening, the miller eats his supper at the clean, scrubbed table; he drinks deeply of his ale, as his throat is dry from his work in the flour-filled air of the mill rooms. Meanwhile, the children, with heads and feet bare, play by the twilight pool. As darkness approaches, the miller's wife goes to the door and calls the children to their rest; they kiss her, and run off to bed.

Soon a footstep is heard on the path; the girl looks up expectantly as she hears the rap. She opens the door. It is the son of a neighbouring farmer, come to pay her a visit. On other nights, should he, or others, fail to appear, she patiently sits sewing until long after all the house is dead in sleep. Then, at last, she puts aside her work, and climbs wearily to bed.

RUTH HOSKIN.

Age 14.

THE BULLETIN

RUPERT'S
LAND



ALUMNAE
ASSOCIATION

JUNE, 1931

Miss Dalton

Miss Dalton, the first Principal of "Havergal" College, gave the "Old Girls" great pleasure by meeting them at luncheon on Saturday, the 7th of March, this year.

The life of Miss Dalton, as she gave us glimpses, showed how truly "Alta Petens," the School motto, originally suggested by her, had been hers too.

The great interest in her life is Youth, without boundary as to race or creed. Her friendship and influence has been felt in many lands, and we were very proud to be told that she considered among all the girls she had taught, Canadians had the most self-control in emergencies.

Shortly after leaving Winnipeg Miss Dalton went to the Orient for a pleasure trip. Arriving in Japan about the beginning of the emancipation of the Japanese women, she was asked to stay and help organize a Girls' College.

On returning from Japan to England at the outbreak of War, she at once volunteered for nursing service, and was soon doing night work in her sister's hospital, and we feel sure that many a Tommy's "blighty" was made brighter and happier by her sympathy and courage.

After the armistice another call came for her untiring efforts in the cause of others, this time to help in the administration of supplies and the general supervision of the Armenian refugees in Syria. Her orders from the London official were to leave immediately and she would receive her uniform and complete outfit on arrival. However, Miss Dalton wisely took more than she was told and thus fortunately saved what might have been an embarrassing situation, for on reaching her destination and reporting for duty she was presented with one solitary official arm band!

Her work among the refugees covered many fields, including the supervision of workmen repairing the mountain roads. This she accomplished not by motor but on the back of a donkey! Improvising was the order of the day, even to money. This she cut out of price tickets, and signed, so as to more easily handle the amount allowed her by the Government, which had formerly not always been available in the denominations required. This became known as "Dalton Money" and was valued quite as highly as that of any country. There was one small insurrection when pay

(Continued on page 71)

Prayers

A representative number of the Alumnæ attended prayers in the College Assembly Hall at nine o'clock on Monday morning, April the 20th.

Owing to illness, Miss Millard was not present, and much regret was felt at her absence.

Following the singing of the School hymn, Margaret Grundy Fowler read the lesson, and prayers were read by Tannis Manning Hobday.

Our President, Lottie Ironside Salberg, welcomed the members of the Alumnæ to the College and introduced Mr. Walter Burman, Headmaster of St. John's College School, who had kindly consented to address us that morning.

Mr. Burman said he was glad to have been asked to speak to us, but expressed some trepidation in doing so, as girls, in the numbers which were present, were more intimidating to him than his own boys.

We were all much interested in Mr. Burman's stimulating address, which took our memories back many years as he told of the founding of St. John's College and reminded us of its affiliation with our School.

Mr. Burman said that the mottos of the two schools, our own, "Seeking the Heights," and that of St. John's, "In Thy Light shall we see Light," taken separately or together, are two splendid themes to be kept in mind and should inspire us all with high ideals.

Our dear Miss Holditch thanked Mr. Burman for his illuminating address and said that the "esprit de corps" among the girls of Rupert's Land is splendid and grows stronger year by year.

High Tea

This annual event is much more satisfactory than the former luncheons, when so many girls had to leave before the entertainment and gaiety was over.

This year we assembled at the Fort Garry Hotel, on Wednesday, November 19th, at six o'clock.

The dining-room was beautifully decorated with yellow and black flowers hanging from the lights, and ferns forming a background behind the head table, all of which were kindly supplied and put up by the T. Eaton Co.

During supper, we were entertained by Miss Welch's dancing pupils. The little ones with their pails and spades were very sweet, and the grace and rhythm of the older girls was delightful to watch.

Miss Millard in her usual bright manner told us of her trip to England last summer with nine of her school girls, who were received with much enthusiasm over there.

Lottie Ironside Salberg, our President, welcomed everyone, and outlined our activities for the year. She then introduced Miss Church, who has lately achieved success in the literary world, and whom many of the Alumnæ remember as a mistress of former days. Miss Church reminisced on the days when she taught many of us Canadian History and French, and we all sympathized with her difficulty over the five Dorotheas in one class, who were always answering out of turn.

Barbara Pentland, who has been studying music abroad, played two selections from Debussy, which were much appreciated.

The joint conveners who were responsible for our first gathering of the year were Lottie Ironside Salberg, May Spink Bowles and Margaret Grundy Fowler.

News of Old Staff

Miss Short and Miss Jones have started the Tree School near Birmingham, and it is already flourishing.

Miss Pearman is teaching at the Aberdeen Junior High School, and as she comes to Rupert's Land every Friday evening for Rangers' meetings, we still keep in touch with her.

Miss Sheldon is travelling in Germany.

Miss Loring is teaching privately in Vancouver.

Miss Peggy Moss has enjoyed her year at Miss Edgar's School, Montreal, and is returning there next year.

Miss Edith Johnson paid us a short visit in January, on her return from England. She is now running the Sunday-School-by-Post van in Saskatchewan.

Mrs. Webster is visiting her family in Ireland.

Miss Jean McDonald is teaching at St. Margaret's, Victoria. Last summer she travelled in China.

Mrs. Redvers Bate, formerly Miss Alice Lawson, is the proud possessor of two charming little boys.

Miss Hicks is managing the Kindergarten at Crofton House, Vancouver, where Miss Marion Smith, who paid us a short visit last Christmas, is also teaching.

Miss Joan Bird is married, and is living at Fort George.

Miss Doris Thompson, also married, is living in the East.

Miss Cottingham, now Mrs. Norman Ross, visited the College in November. Her husband is manager of the Forestry Farm at Indian Head.

Miss Clara Adams—Mrs. E. McIntyre—the able sub-editor of *The*

Canadian Churchman, visited us in September, when returning with her daughter Catherine, from a visit West.

Miss Elizabeth Church, whose home is in Westmount, Montreal, visited Winnipeg in October and November. She writes plays, short stories and articles, two of which have been accepted by *The Canadian Geographic Magazine*.

Mrs. A. Blackie, Mrs. Leslie, Mrs. Warne, Mrs. O. G. McNabb and Miss G. Shewell, all live in Winnipeg, and we often have the pleasure of seeing them.

Miss A. Norrington is the happy possessor of a lakeside home in B.C.

Miss Annie Fraser and Miss Annie Mackay are teaching in Montreal, and Miss Laura Wakeley at Havergal, Toronto. The latter is a keen Guide Captain.

Miss Laura Smith, now Mrs. L. S. Ross, lives in Montreal, and thoroughly enjoys her small daughter Jean.

Miss O. M. Perry is now at The Grove, Lakefield, and very happy with "her boys."

We were delighted to hear from Miss Craig and Miss Ransford that Miss H. B. Harding, now teaching at Christ's Hospital, Hartford, and Miss Scott, Bursar at South Croydon, are very homesick for Canada.

Miss Stevens, now Mrs. Walter Long, lives at East Chalton, Oxfordshire, and has two charming girls, and a boy Christopher.

Miss E. Preston, now Mrs. Chubb, visited England last year.

Miss Blanche Jones passed through Winnipeg last August on her way to Berkeley, California, from England.

Miss E. Horsman lives in Vancouver and loves to hear news from Winnipeg.

Miss Chisholm, now Mrs. Gillen, has a lovely home on Shorewood Hills, Madison. Her two boys are now at college, and Beatrice growing up fast.

We regret the passing of Madame Moreau de Bouvière, the School's first French teacher, who died at her home just outside Paris this Spring. She has been in constant touch with Audrey Fisher these many years.

Old Girls' News

Maud Blanchard Horn and Frances Morton Nason have returned recently to Winnipeg from Moose Jaw.

Ellen Code Harris is living in Vancouver and occupying Miss Dalton's house while Miss Dalton is in England.

Ivy Scott Riley has had a most unusual trip this winter, wandering as far afield as Lima, Peru.

Molly Sweeney Walley is now living in Rosario, the Argentine. She expects to spend the Summer with her sister, Eileen Sweeney Anderson, in London.

Kathleen McMahon is in charge of the Guide Rally.

Margaret Matheson, Hazel Marsh and Helen Grundy all have positions in London, and one supposes them to be absorbing the fascinations of that city in their leisure moments.

Norma Kennedy Mason-App has sailed for home after spending the Winter in England.

Lorraine Code is studying at the University of London.

Joan Glassco, Jocelyn Botterell and Maxwell Dennistoun were presented at Court this Summer.

The following are among the Old Girls who are at school on the other side: Joan Glassco, Betty Joyce, Margaret Chivers, Becky and Maxwell Dennistoun.

Nancy Mermagen, Jean Machray and Constance Waugh are going to England for the Summer.

Margaret Clark is with Major Ney in the Overseas Education League office.

Marjorie Hazelwood is proprietor of the Diana Sportswear, and Geraldine Taylor is associated with her.

Margaret Bain Fetherstonhaugh is a delegate to the Junior League Convention.

Constance Nanton Bircher has returned to Winnipeg to live.

Elizabeth Parker graduates from the General Hospital this year and Jocelyn is returning after studying art for two years in Glasgow.

Badminton Tea

The Badminton Tea is becoming an established event in the Alumnæ Calendar, and although the courts were not so crowded as they were the year before, there was actually an increase in the number of tea guests, which was reflected in the amount deposited to our bank account. Our thanks for the splendid success of the Tea are due to Margaret Grundy Fowler as general convener, May Spink Bowles, who assisted her, and Ruth Tucker, who was in charge of tickets.

We were all very glad to see Miss Millard, Miss Holditch and several members of the Staff who played badminton.

We are very grateful to Dr. C. O. Wood and the members of the Winnipeg Badminton Club for the use of their club once more.

Basketball

"The score is thirteen to twelve, in favour of the Old Girls," was the amazing announcement after the First Team's Game on May 11th; and so the Old Girls had won Mr. D. A. Clark's cup for the second time, our first victory being six years ago, when the cup was first donated. The game between the Second Teams, however, ended in a victory for the School.

Practices have been held every Thursday evening since October, except during the Christmas holidays, due to Agnes Niven's faithful weekly phone calls.

Our thanks are due to the "Coaches" who gave up their evenings to us on several occasions, and to some of the Present Girls, especially Phyllis Webb and Mary Stephens, who frequently filled the gaps in our ranks and practised with us.

The teams for the Cup Game were:

FIRST TEAM: Agnes Niven (Captain), Muriel Wright, Margaret Clark, Audrey Green, Audrey Garland and Nonnie Jacob.

SECOND TEAM: Mary Inkster (Captain), Adele Curry, Janet Clarke, Eleanor Allen, Molly McClure and Marjorie Hoskin.

SUBSTITUTES: Naome Clark and Nancy Milton.

Miss Dalton

(Continued from page 66)

was withheld from shirkers, but Miss Dalton and donkey remained adamant, the riot was quelled without any outside assistance, and the workmen paid only on the completion of the work.

Living now in North Vancouver, overlooking the sea and mountains, Miss Dalton's life is of a less exacting nature, but her interests are as varied as ever, and through all her wanderings she is always finding old "Havergal" girls, to whom she is ready and glad to give her counsel and friendship.

At the close of the luncheon Miss Dalton presented her Old Girls with the first "Havergal" magazine, carefully written on both sides of the paper in long hand, by one of the first pupils, Winona Marlatt.

It was with real regret that the Old Girls said "good-bye" to their former Principal, who extended to them one and all a sincere invitation to visit her when she returned from England to the Coast.

Engagements

Mary Northwood to Mr. Richard Bonnycastle.

Katherine Taylor to Captain Guy Simons.

Margaret Richards to Mr. Clarence Smith.

Cecil Baird to Mr. Augustus Nanton.

Weddings

Lyle Hull to Mr. D. V. Barnes.

Frances Chaffey to Mr. Sommerville Doupe.

Madeline Thomas to Rev. Ivor Norris.

Gladys Pennock to Mr. R. W. S. Johnston.

Eleanor Ryan to Mr. Charles Armstrong.

Katherine Evans to Mr. Alan Harvey.

Betty Moss to Mr. Hugh O'Donnell.

Priscilla McBride to Mr. Harold Hanson.

Embee McBride to Col. Hugh Osler.

Margery Heeney to Mr. F. D. Mott.

Nan Billings to Mr. Charles John Clauss.

Cecily Mortlock to Mr. Henry Hayes.

Marjorie Kelly to Mr. Robert Johnson.

Ellen Code to Mr. Richard Harris.

Mary Dickinson to Mr. Gerald Curry.

Grandchildren

To Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Carey, a daughter. (Mary Machray.)

To Mr. and Mrs. Guy Gostling, a daughter. (Frances Burritt.)

To Mr. and Mrs. Stuart MacDonald, a son. (Isabel Lewis.)

To Mr. and Mrs. John Robarts, a son. (Audrey Fitzgerald.)

To Mr. and Mrs. Samuel, a daughter. (Dorothy Shragge.)

To Mr. and Mrs. Harold Turner, a son. (Muriel Smith.)

To Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Smith, a son. (Marjorie Carruthers.)

To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Spencer, a daughter. (Marjorie Bradburn.)

To Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stovel, a son. (Edith Hardie.)

To Mr. and Mrs. Payne, a son. (Marjorie Andrews.)

To Mr. and Mrs. Stead, a son. (Florence Carey.)

Treasurer's Report

Assets and Receipts

National Trust Certificate, matured November 20th, 1930.....	\$1,000.00
Northern Trusts Certificate, invested November 15th, 1930....	1,000.00
Dominion of Canada 1934 5½% Bond	500.00
Dominion of Canada 1940 4½% Bond, bought November 15th, 1930.....	500.00
Balance carried forward, October, 1930.....	587.33
Bank Interest.....	12.83
National Trust Interest.....	20.42
Northern Trusts Interest.....	29.93
Interest on Dominion 1934 Bond	27.50
Interest on Dominion 1940 Bond	11.25
Tickets for High Tea	110.00
Coupons for Walker Theatre.....	392.25
Tickets for Badminton Tea	95.30
Annual Fees, 1930-31	79.00
Annual Fees 1931-32	4.00
Life Membership Fees.....	20.00
Total.....	<u>\$4,389.81</u>

Disbursements

Northern Trusts Certificate.....	\$1,000.00
Dominion of Canada 1940 4½% Bond, bought November 15th, 1930. (Cost \$502.50, accrued interest \$4.75, brokerage \$1.50) ..	508.75
Cost of High Tea (printing inclusive)	110.50
Cost of Theatre Night (printing inclusive)	294.45
Cost of Badminton Tea.....	16.25
Postage and Stationery	2.50
Printing, Notices, etc.....	23.98
	<u>\$1,955.43</u>
Balance in Northern Trusts	\$1,000.00
Balance in Bonds.....	1,000.00
Balance in Bank.....	434.38
Total Balance of Alumnæ.....	\$2,434.38
	<u>1,955.43</u>
Total.....	<u>\$4,389.81</u>

Cost of BULLETIN and amount of the Scholarship to be deducted from above.



